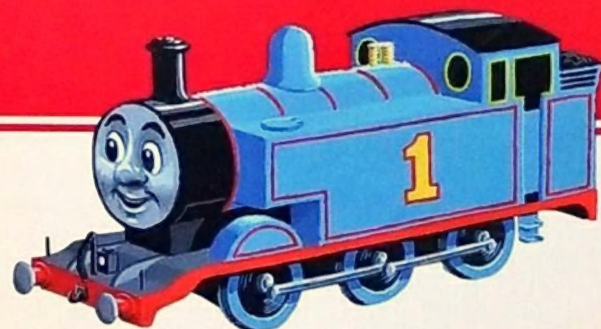




# THOMAS THE TANK ENGINE

THE NEW COLLECTION



CHRISTOPHER AWDRY



Christopher Awdry was born in Devizes, Wiltshire, in 1940, the son of Reverend Wilbert Awdry and his wife Margaret.

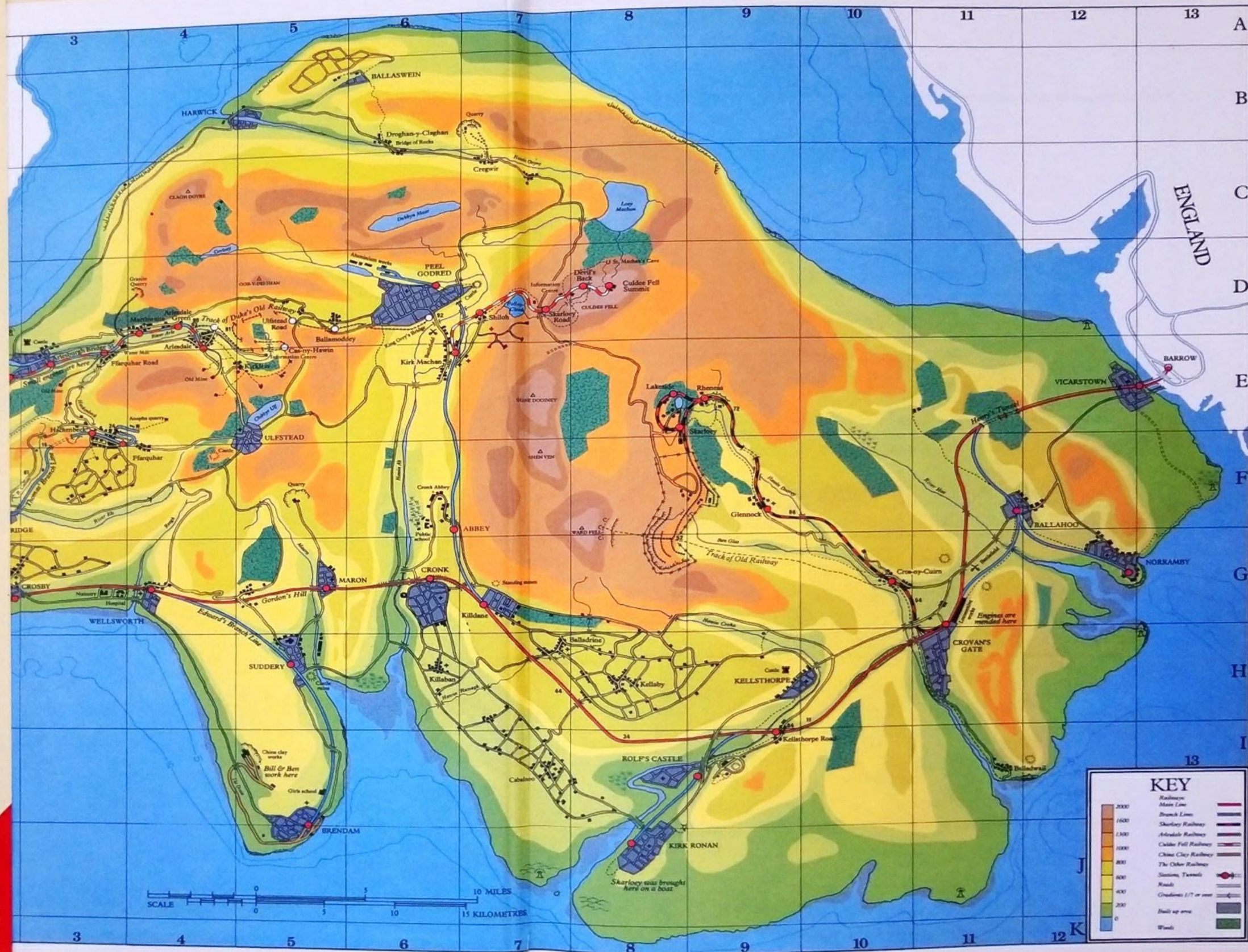
As a child visiting his grandmother in London, Christopher was taken to the theatre, where he developed a passion for drama. He was also entertained by his father's Railway Series books, and from the age of 15 he harboured ambitions of becoming a writer.

On leaving Worksop College at the age of 18, Christopher made his career at the Inland Revenue. When he came up with an idea for a Thomas story, an ideal audience was on hand to test it out. Two-year-old Richard gave a promising review: Christopher recalls that his son "quite enjoyed it", but wanted pictures! The omission was soon rectified, with the publication of *Really Useful Engines* later that year.

As well as his stories, Christopher Awdry has published numerous articles on the subject of railways, and compiled the *Encyclopaedia of British Railway Companies* (London, Guild Publishing, 1990). He is a keen steam enthusiast, who now lives with his wife Helen and family in Dorset.

Clive Spong has illustrated all 15 of Christopher Awdry's Railway Series books. After graduating from Leicester College of Art in 1969, he worked for various advertising agencies, including a spell at the Yellow Pages, before going freelance in the early 1980s.

Clive is an enthusiastic artist, who draws as a hobby as well as to make a living. He is married to Suzie, and lives in London.



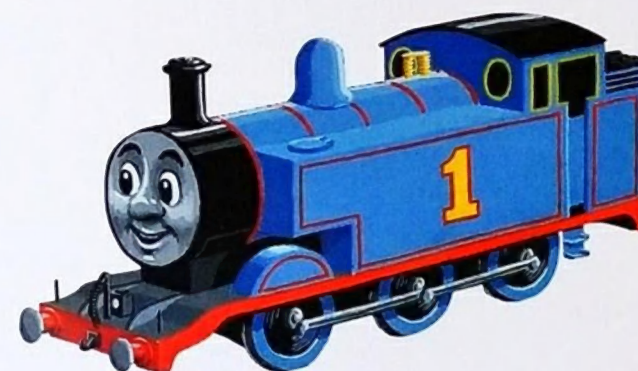
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# THOMAS THE TANK ENGINE

THE NEW COLLECTION





EGMONT  
*We bring stories to life*

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*Really Useful Engines* first published in Great Britain 1983  
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*Great Little Engines* first published in Great Britain 1985  
*More About Thomas the Tank Engine* first published in Great Britain 1986  
*Gordon the High-Speed Engine* first published in Great Britain 1987  
*Toby, Trucks and Trouble* first published in Great Britain 1988  
*Thomas and the Twins* first published in Great Britain 1989  
*Jock the New Engine* first published in Great Britain 1990  
*Thomas and the Great Railway Show* first published in Great Britain 1991  
*Thomas Comes Home* first published in Great Britain 1992  
*Henry and the Express* first published in Great Britain 1993  
*Wilbert the Forest Engine* first published in Great Britain 1994  
*Thomas and the Fat Controller's Engines* first published in Great Britain 1995  
*New Little Engine* first published in Great Britain 1996  
*Thomas and Victoria* first published in Great Britain 2007

Thomas the Tank Engine & Friends™

A BRITT ALLCROFT COMPANY PRODUCTION

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# THOMAS THE TANK ENGINE

## THE NEW COLLECTION

*A complete edition of all 15 Railway Series  
books by Christopher Awdry*

CHRISTOPHER AWDRY









EGMONT





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## Foreword

DEAR FRIENDS,

Back in May 1945, when the first of my father's books, *The Three Railway Engines*, was published, it certainly wouldn't have occurred to my not-quite-five-year-old mind that I would be writing a foreword for a collection of my own stories 60-plus years later.

Even a mere six years later, when, at Great Yarmouth on 31 August 1951, my father and I encountered the ex-Great Eastern Railway tram engine which became the prototype for Toby, I was no wiser. What that August evening may have done was to give me the beginnings of the idea of how and why stories are conceived and written, and perhaps it was then that the first seeds of this book were sown. But it was another five years before I announced to a schoolfriend that I wanted to write for a living, and still longer before my initial efforts turned into anything that could be published.

In 1982, busy with the research for a magazine article, I visited one of Britain's many heritage railways. During a conversation with an engine driver, he made the connection between my surname and Thomas.

"Why don't you carry on writing the stories?" he queried.

"One of the reasons why father gave up," I replied, "Is that he felt he was running out of ideas. Well, he's forgotten more about railways than I know, so what chance does that give me?"

"No problem," he said. "I can give you an idea – it happened here only last week."

So he did, and I went away and thought about it. Eventually I decided to see what I could do. I'd never written a Thomas story and thought it might be interesting to try. Besides, my son Richard had, over the last few months, heard all of my father's stories at bedtime three or four times over, and I felt like a change even if he didn't!

Thus *Triple-Header* was born. It worked fairly well, so over the next couple of months I put together another three stories, all based on ideas taken from my railway reading. Then, having concluded my writing exercise reasonably satisfactorily, I put the whole lot to one side.

The following March, my parents came to stay, and, during a lull while we awaited their taxi home, I produced the stories as a talking point.

"Do Kaye & Ward (as my father's publishers were then known) know about these?" my father asked.

"Good heavens no, why should they?" was my reply.

He suggested that I send them to his editor, who duly presented them at their next production meeting, where they seem to have been greeted with what the popular press now calls acclaim. What they all knew, and I did not, was that Britt Allcroft's first TV series was due to air in October 1984 – for Kaye & Ward to have a brand new addition to the Series before then was most timely.

Whatever, it was certainly a breakthrough so far as I was concerned. Over the following years until 1995 there were 14 new titles, bringing the Railway Series to a total of 40. With the 2007 publication of *Thomas and Victoria*, it has reached 41.

I am delighted to welcome this collection of my stories. It is similar in style to the volume produced in recent years of my father's stories, but has one notable difference: his used work by four different illustrators whereas this uses only one, Clive Spong, whose work is, I think, superb and who has already 'done' more Railway Series books than anyone else. Any children's writer knows how important illustration is, and I commend his work.

Compiling the tales themselves over the years has taken me to many places and been a thoroughly enjoyable exercise. I hope that the reading of them will be just as much fun.

THE AUTHOR





## Meet the Engines

*Many of the characters in Christopher Awdry's stories appeared in the first 26 books of the Railway Series, which were written by the Reverend W. Awdry and published in one volume as Thomas the Tank Engine: The Complete Collection. Here's a recap of some of the famous faces who you will meet again in these pages.*

### Steam Engines and Rolling Stock



#### Thomas

Tank engine Thomas is a cheeky fellow, with a strong sense of his own importance to the Fat Controller's Railway. But his heart is in the right place, and he likes to work hard – when he isn't being cheeky, or sulking about the lack of respect he gets from some of the bigger engines.

He used to work at Vicarstown, fetching coaches for the big engines, but after he rescued James in *Thomas and the Breakdown Train* he was given his own branch line.



#### Annie and Clarabel

Thomas's coaches are his most loyal friends, but they aren't afraid to give him a talking-to when he gets too big for his buffers!

Annie always travels immediately behind Thomas, while Clarabel, who can carry luggage and a guard, goes at the back of the train.



#### Gordon

Gordon is a big, powerful engine – and doesn't he know it! He likes to boast, and he can be patronising to smaller engines. His arrogance sometimes gets him teased, but fortunately he usually recovers from his fits of pique, given time.

He really is the fastest engine on Sodor, and works hard at his main job of pulling the Express.



#### Percy

Percy is the youngest and smallest of the major characters in the Railway Series. According to Thomas, Percy is "a green caterpillar with red stripes", but he's also a very Useful little engine who works hard pulling goods trucks on Thomas's branch line. Thomas knows this and, really, they are the best of friends.



#### James

James is probably the most self-satisfied of all the engines. He sees his sparkling red coat and brass dome as a sign of how special he is.

However, James is definitely fallible, and on one occasion had to be fixed with a bootlace when he rattled his coaches about so bad-temperedly that a brake pipe burst. The others remind him of incidents like this when they want to keep him in line.



#### Henry

Henry is one of the largest engines on Sodor, but not quite as powerful as Gordon. In the past, he was often ill, until he was rebuilt and given a new and larger firebox.

Henry's special responsibility is the Flying Kipper, an overnight express which takes fish from Tidmouth to the Mainland. He also sometimes pulls the Express when Gordon is not available.



#### Edward

Not only is Edward the oldest engine on the Fat Controller's Railway, he actually helped build it. So these days he's getting a bit old and clanky, but he still manages to run his own branch line, with the help of BoCo the diesel.

Sometimes the more vigorous engines are rude to Edward, but his kindness and patience bring everyone around in the end.



#### Toby

Toby is a tram engine, with distinctive cowcatchers and sideplates that make him seem to glide along the rails (of course he does have wheels, underneath!) He is often seen with his coach, Henrietta. Toby works on Thomas's branch line, where his experience and calmness make him a valuable source of advice.



#### Donald and Douglas

These Scottish twins were due to be scrapped when the Fat Controller ordered a new engine for his Railway. The twins' crews couldn't bear to save only one engine, so they both came to Sodor, where they proved themselves to be Really Useful Engines.

The Twins used to enjoy impersonating each other, to the great confusion of other engines and railway people, but the Fat Controller put a stop to that by having nameplates attached to their boilers!



**Duck**

Duck is a Great Western Engine who came to Sodor to take Percy's place pulling goods trucks at Tidmouth station. He has fond memories of his time on the Other Railway, and considers that there are two ways of doing things, "the Great Western Way or the wrong way".

**Bill and Ben**

Sodor's other twin engines are just as naughty as the first pair, and even cheekier, being smaller and younger than Donald and Douglas. As they are identical, they particularly enjoy making other engines think that there is only one of them, who is able to be in two places at once.

Bill and Ben shunt trucks for the Sodor China Clay Company, under the watchful gaze of Edward and BoCo.

**Diesels****Daisy**

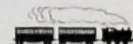
Daisy came to Sodor while Thomas was being repaired. At first she refused to settle down to work, claiming she was too "highly sprung" for heavy jobs. But since then she has begun to work hard on Thomas's branch line.

**Mavis**

Mavis is a diesel who shunts trucks at the Ffarquhar stone quarry. Her sideplates and cowcatcher make her look a little bit like Toby, who is her biggest friend among the engines. When he is busy, she sometimes helps him.

**BoCo**

BoCo had a difficult introduction to the Fat Controller's Railway when Bill and Ben pulled their twins' trick on him and called him a "diseasel". Fortunately BoCo's easygoing nature allowed him to make light of their teasing, and he settled down to become known as one of the kindest engines on Sodor.

**Narrow Gauge Engines****Skarloey, Rheneas, Sir Handel, Peter Sam, Rusty and Duncan**

These six little engines work on the Skarloey Railway, which serves the slate works in central Sodor. Skarloey and Rheneas are the elders of the group, having joined the railway in 1865. Later, Peter Sam and Sir Handel were brought across from the mid-Sodor Railway. They were followed by Rusty the Diesel and the bad-tempered Duncan.

**Off the Tracks****The Fat Controller**

The Fat Controller (Sir Topham Hatt, to you and me!) is in charge of the main railway on Sodor. He takes a close interest in the welfare of his engines, and guides their moral development as a parent would. Praise from the Fat Controller is the ultimate achievement for any hardworking engine.

**Harold**

Harold is Sodor's only known helicopter. He speaks in a clipped sort of way, and uses words like "wizard".

**Terence**

Terence is a tractor who is very proud of his caterpillar tracks which, he says, mean he can go anywhere.

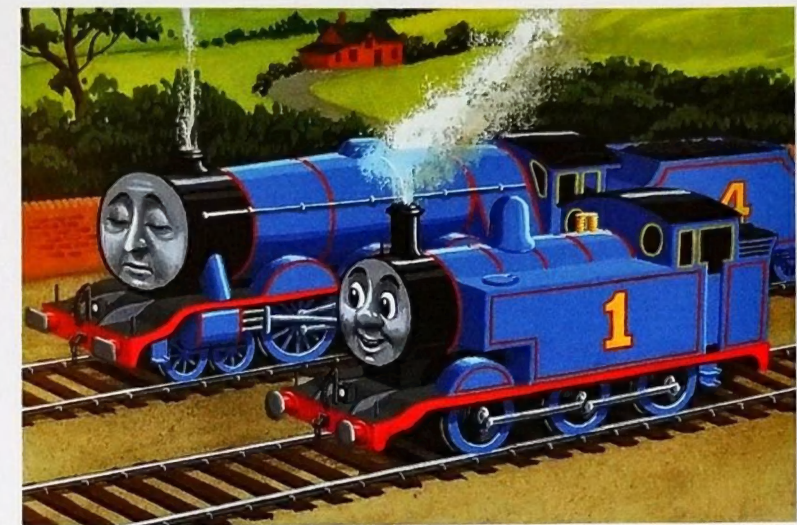
**Trevor**

Trevor is a kindly old traction engine who lives in the Wellsworth vicarage orchard and enjoys giving rides to children.



THE RAILWAY SERIES NO. 27

## ***Really Useful Engines***



CHRISTOPHER AWDRY

with illustrations by  
CLIVE SPONG

### FOREWORD

DEAR FRIENDS,

I am happy to say that Thomas and his friends are still at work, trying as hard as ever to prove themselves to be Really Useful Engines. Sadly my father is no longer able to be involved with the Region's affairs, but it is with grateful thanks that I would like to dedicate this book to him, the person who began it all.

THE AUTHOR





## Stop Thief!



THOMAS stood at Ffarquhar, the top station of his branch line. He had brought round Annie and Clarabel after the morning journey and was enjoying a short rest before the run back down the valley.

His Driver and Fireman

stood beside his cab talking to the Guard who had brought startling news.

"Did you know that the Stationmaster was burgled last night?" the Guard was asking.

Thomas's Driver shook his head.

"You don't say!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know he had anything that would be worth stealing."

"He's won cups for gardening," explained the Fireman. "All taken, and then the scoundrels had the cheek to pinch his car to carry them away in!"

"Not that new one he's so proud of?" said the Driver.

The Guard nodded, and at that moment the signal rose to show that the line was clear.

The Driver and Fireman climbed into Thomas's cab. The Guard blew his whistle, waved his green flag and got into Clarabel as Thomas set off.



By the time they were through the tunnel the train was running nicely. Road and railway were beside each other here, with only a stream between them. Thomas remembered his race with Bertie the Bus: he had only won because he could go through the hill, while Bertie had to follow the road over the top.

A flash of colour on the road ahead caught his eye. He tried to go faster to look more closely.

"Steady, Thomas," said his Driver. "There's plenty of time."



"Can't we get closer to that car?" panted Thomas. "It looks like the Stationmaster's car to me."

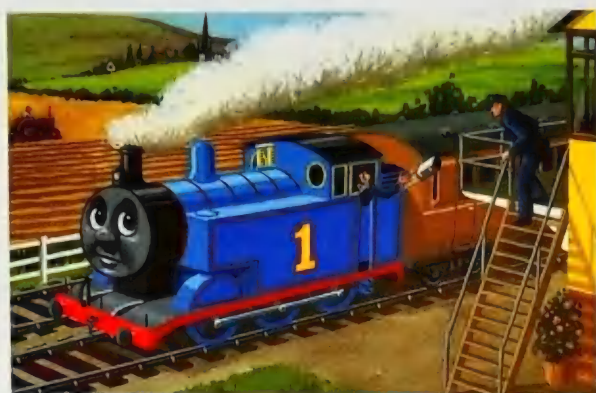
"Lots of cars look like that," laughed his Driver, but he opened the regulator and they began to draw level.

There were two men in the car. They waved when they saw Thomas, and tried to go faster.

"That's the car all right, Thomas," said the Fireman, "and those two must be the thieves. But we can't stop them, and they'll be gone long before the next station."

"We need pencil, paper and something to put a note in," said the Driver.





"We'll throw a message out at the next signalbox."

Quickly he wrote the note and they put it in the Fireman's empty lunch-tin. Then, drawing ahead of the car, Thomas whistled to attract the Signalman's

attention. They slowed down so that the Fireman could throw the box up to him, and as they went past both the Driver and the Fireman shouted "POLICE!" at the top of their voices.

By now the stolen car had gone well ahead, and Thomas did not see it again. But the Signalman telephoned police headquarters at once, and the thieves were stopped at a road block about ten miles further on.

That afternoon, the Fat Controller travelled in Annie to Ffarquhar. When he got there he and the Stationmaster climbed onto a porter's trolley. They told the passengers the whole story, and the Stationmaster thanked Thomas, his Driver and his Fireman for their prompt action.

The passengers cheered loudly, and they cheered even more when they heard that the Stationmaster's gardening cups had all been found undamaged in a sack in the boot of the car.

"A long time ago," said the Fat Controller, holding up his hand for silence,



"Thomas showed how valuable he is to the smooth running of My Railway. I am sure you will all agree that today he has once again proved himself to be a Really Useful Engine."







## Mind that Bike



PERCY had never known Tom Tipper to be anything but cheerful. Tom was the postman at Ffarquhar, and every morning he would have a cheery word for Percy as he helped to load the mailbags on to the train. Percy then

took them to the town where there was a big office for sorting the letters.

But one morning, Tom wasn't there. A postman they didn't know just dumped the bags on the platform and cycled off without stopping to help.

"What's happened to Tom?" wondered Percy's Driver.

"And his old van," added the Fireman. "No wonder the new chap looks fed up. Carrying mailbags on a bike would make anyone glum."

Tom was soon back, but without his van. During his illness it had been decided that the van was too expensive to run. Poor Tom was no longer cheerful and now he had no time to help load the train.

"I wish I could cheer him up," sighed Percy the Small Engine.

One day a man from the station office came to tell Tom that some papers needed signing.



"Oh dear," he said anxiously. "This is going to make me very late."

He asked Percy to keep an eye on his bicycle while he was gone, and propped it carefully against the fence near the platform ramp. He was gone a long time, and had not returned when Percy was ready to go. Some boys were playing on the platform and Percy was worried.

"Sorry, Percy," said his Driver. "We must be off – time and the Fat Controller wait for no man."



In the flurry of starting, no one noticed that one of the boys had picked up Tom's bicycle. He pedalled too far along the platform, and before he could stop, ran out of control down the ramp. He reached the bottom just as

Percy started away. Fortunately, the boy fell clear just in time, but the bicycle swerved beneath Percy's wheels and disappeared with a crunch.

Percy's Driver stopped the train quickly and they extracted the remains, but the red bicycle was beyond repair. Tom came running, and he, the Driver, the Stationmaster and the Guard all told the boys what bad boys they were.

"I'm sorry Mr. Tipper," apologised Percy.







"Never mind, Percy," said the postman. "It wasn't your fault, and I never liked that bike much anyway."

When the Fat Controller heard about the accident he ordered that Tom should be given a new bicycle at once.

But the next morning, when Percy arrived at Ffarquhar he saw a brand new red van standing in the yard beside the ruins of the bicycle. Close by



stood Tom Tipper, beaming from ear to ear.

"That accident did me a good turn, Percy," he smiled, "and now my Chief has decided to let me have a new van after all."

"So I did help," said Percy



to himself when Tom had gone. "By accident, as you might say."



## Fish



THE fishermen who used the port near the Big Station were bringing in more fish than ever before. Each day the sheds on the quayside were piled high with boxes. Much of this extra fish had to travel by rail, so the trains which

Henry and the other engines had to pull became heavier.

One night a special load of fish was ordered, and the Fat Controller decided that extra vans must be added to the train that the men called 'The Flying Kipper'.

The only spare vans that they could find were old ones that had been standing unused on a siding for some time. Workmen soon cleaned them and they were added to the end of the train. Henry grumbled about it, but there was nothing to be done.

"You'll just have to put up with it, Henry," said his

Driver. "At least the extra load will mean we can have a banker up Gordon's Hill."

Duck often waited at Edward's station so that he could help heavy trains by pushing them from behind.







Tonight, Henry made good progress in spite of his extra load. When they reached Edward's station, his Driver stopped the train beyond the platform. Then, using Henry's whistle, he gave the special signal that meant that he

wanted help getting up the hill.

"Peep pip peep peep," whistled Henry. "I need a banker, please."

"Peep peep," replied Duck. "I shan't be long."

Duck buffered gently up to Henry's train. He was not coupled on, so Henry could run on without stopping when they reached the top of the hill.

"Ready," Duck whistled.

"Push hard, push hard," puffed Henry.

"We're doing it, we're doing it," replied Duck.

Henry was pulling harder than he thought he was. It was a dark night, and Duck felt the weight on his buffers slacken. Because of the dark, he could not see that Henry had taken the train on his own and was slowly drawing ahead.

All trains carry a red lamp on the final vehicle to show that the train is complete. This is called a tail-lamp. Duck's Driver began to get worried.



"There's no sign of a tail-lamp," he said. "But we must keep going."

Duck whistled, but there was no reply from Henry.

Henry, meanwhile, was going well, but his train seemed to be getting heavier.

He had to keep moving, but he could not avoid slowing down.

Suddenly, from behind him, there came a splintering crash. Duck's front bent and pieces of broken wood began to fall on him, one of them denting his funnel. He stopped quickly, and Henry, feeling the jolt, stopped too, just beyond the top of the hill.

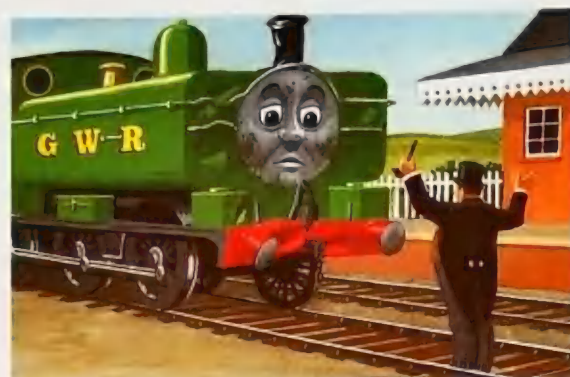
Over Gordon's Hill, a smell of fish hung on the air. By the light of torches the Drivers and Firemen tried to work out what had happened, while the Guard ran back down the hill to warn the Signalman.

When daylight came it was all too obvious. The lamp-iron on the old van which should have held the tail-lamp had broken, and the lamp had fallen off at the bottom of the hill. The van had been invisible in the darkness.



"Not your fault, Duck," said the Fat Controller. "That lamp-iron should have been checked. Don't worry, we'll soon have your funnel and front straightened out."





"Thank you, Sir," said Duck sadly. "Thomas told me once to be careful about fish. He was right, Sir, wasn't he?"



## Triple-Header

GORDON was resting in a siding. It was a hot day, and the Express had been heavy.

"I get so out of breath," he complained, "but nobody cares – they just say I'll be all right after a rest."

"Get the Fat Controller to give you tanks and a bunker," suggested Thomas cheekily. "You'll feel like a new engine. We tank engines never get out of breath, you know."

Perhaps it was lucky for Thomas that poor Gordon hadn't the energy to make any reply.

The men worked hard on Gordon, but they couldn't make him better.

"You need new tubes, Gordon," they said. "You'll have to go to the

Works to have them fitted."

While Gordon was being mended Henry pulled the Express. But one morning, just before Gordon was due back, Henry was ill too.



"We've no spare engine except Thomas," the Inspector

told the Fat Controller, "but he can't pull the train on his own."

"Could Percy help?" asked the Fat Controller.

The Inspector shook his head.





Duck in the middle and Percy at the front. Then, slowly, they started.

"Come on, come on," fussed Percy importantly.

"We're doing it, we're doing it," puffed Duck.

"Pull harder, pull harder," grumbled Thomas to the others.

The heavy train drew out of the platform. The engines couldn't go as fast as Gordon, but the passengers didn't mind. They knew that Percy, Thomas and Duck were doing their best.

Expresses are not like branch line trains. They don't stop at all the little stations, and the engines don't have a chance to get their breath back. Soon, the three began to feel tired. They struggled valiantly up Gordon's Hill, but the strain was beginning to show.

"I'm glad we didn't stick there," thought Thomas.

"Gordon would never have let us hear the last of it."

But the hill proved too much for Percy. His Driver blew his whistle and stopped the train.



"The two of them with Duck might manage," he suggested. "It's only as far as the Works – they're sure to have a spare engine there."

So the three tank engines were coupled together – Thomas nearest the train,



"We can't take you off, Percy," said Thomas's Driver. "Do the best you can to keep your brakes off. It's not far."



This made things harder for the other two, but they struggled on gamely, twin columns of steam shooting high into the air.

"We're nearly there, we're nearly there," puffed Thomas and Duck together as they summoned a last brave effort. Poor Percy had no steam left to say anything.

They were just passing the Works when Duck found he could go no further. Thomas could not pull the heavy train on his own, and the cavalcade came to a standstill a few yards



short of the station platform. And there, watching from the Works' siding, stood Gordon.



The Fat Controller, who had been on the train, told the three engines he was proud of them.

"You did very well to get so far," he said, "and now you deserve a rest."





Duck, Percy and Thomas were uncoupled and a new engine took their place. As the tank engines moved wearily away, Gordon looked at Thomas and smiled. Then he took three deep breaths and winked. He didn't need to say anything – Thomas knew exactly what he meant.

THE RAILWAY SERIES NO. 28

## ***James and the Diesel Engines***



CHRISTOPHER AWDRY

with illustrations by  
CLIVE SPONG

### FOREWORD

DEAR FRIENDS,

To hear James talk, sometimes you might have thought that he ran the Fat Controller's Railway on his own. He certainly needed no help from diesels – or so he imagined. The other engines were more sensible, and realised that diesels could take some of the weight off their own couplings. But now the Fat Controller tells me that James has had a change of heart. These stories tell you how it happened.

THE AUTHOR





## Old Stuck-Up



BoCo and Bear were proud of this, but James was not impressed. He liked these two diesels, but he treated all others with deep suspicion.

"Diesels don't use coal and water," he would say darkly. "How can you trust an engine who isn't normal in his habits?"

Visiting diesels sometimes boasted about how special they were: usually BoCo and Bear had to spend the next day smoothing ruffled feelings.

One day a particularly haughty diesel came from the Other Railway. When the visitor found that he was to share the Shed with steam engines he stopped outside in disgust and refused to go any further.

"Why on earth does your Controller keep such out-of-date objects?" he growled rudely. "Dirty, smoky, slow things. Ugh!"

He shuddered delicately.



"On our Railway," the diesel continued loftily, "steam engines are kept strictly in their place and not allowed on the main line without special permission."

BoCo, who was showing the diesel round, lost patience.

"Stay outside then, if you're so proud about it," he said crossly. "I'm going to join my friends."

"I hope it's cold tonight and he can't start in the morning," snorted James. "At least someone might want to preserve us. Who'd need him? Old Stuck-up!"

The engines were glad when morning came. They went to fetch their



trains as early as they could, and the visitor was left alone.

"That's better," he purred to himself. "How can an engine rest in all that hissing and clanking?"

The cleaning equipment and fuel supply were in the part of the Shed that BoCo and Bear shared. Old Stuck-up was so full of self-importance that he had forgotten he would need cleaning and re-fuelling before he went home.

It was getting late when he remembered.

"The Shed is empty," he thought, "If I go now, no one will know I've been."







slithered. He shut his eyes as, with a despairing whoop of horror, he crashed into the wall at the end of the Shed.

The diesel was not badly damaged, but a dreadful draught came through the hole in the wall. When the other engines came home they heard the story from Douglas, who had cleared up the mess.

"Ho, ho, ho," chortled Henry. "Old Stuck-up came unstuck, did he? I say BoCo, what is it the Fat Controller calls you?"

"Versatile," chuckled BoCo, "but that isn't what he called Stuck-up. I couldn't hear all he said, but I didn't think it sounded very polite!"



He scuttled forward quickly. Too quickly! The rails where Bear and BoCo had stood were oily and when the visitor tried to stop, he couldn't.

"Brakeblocks and buffers, I'm slipping!" he wailed, as his wheels locked and



## Crossed Lines

MOST of the Fat Controller's engines accepted diesels.

James had never liked them.

"They're all right," said Henry. "Just mixed-traffic engines like you and me."

"Mixed-up engines, you mean," James grunted. "With windows at each end how can they know if they're coming or going?"

"Toby has two cabs," remarked Duck, "and he gets on all right."

"Toby's just a little engine," scoffed James. "If an important engine like me didn't know which way to turn, what would The Railway come to?"

All the engines agreed that James was becoming much too puffed up in his smokebox.

"Making out he's royalty or something," grumbled Henry. "It's disgusting."

"I knew an engine called King James," remarked Duck, "in the old days, at Paddington. King James I he was, but he didn't swank about like that."



"Och, dinna be telling James that," pleaded Donald. "It's even mair of a misery he'll be makkin' oor lives."

"Exactly," agreed Henry, "but who's going to trim his wheels for him?"

The engines tried all sorts







of ideas, but nothing worked. James grew so conceited that the others were glad when he was away. Even the coaches twittered anxiously to each other if they thought he was going to pull them.

One day James came to the Shed, fuming with rage.

"Shunting!" he snorted. "Where are Donald and Douglas? They should be here for jobs like that."

But the Twins were helping on Edward's branch line, so James had to do the work himself.

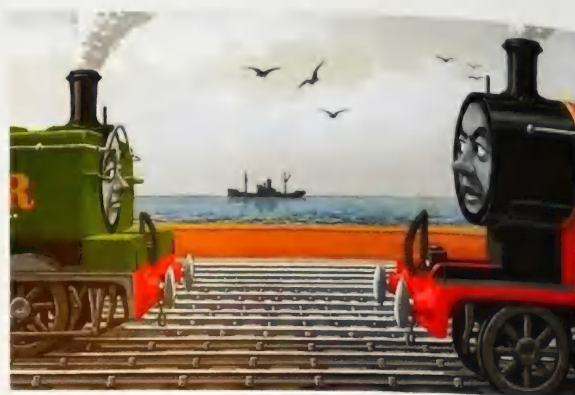


James's train had long trucks called well-wagons. These have bogie-wheels at each end, with a low section between them. They are used to carry cars, tractors and other heavy machinery.

The shunting should have been easy, but James was cross and bumped the trucks.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!" they cried. Some of them slipped their brakes on to spite James. The weather was damp and misty too, so the shunting took a long time.

At last, James had only two trucks to fetch before his train was ready. Because of the mist, the Signaller sometimes found it hard to see what



was happening. James's Driver told him that James would whistle when they had collected all the trucks and were clear of the points. They had almost finished when suddenly James heard a sharp "peep peep" from another engine close by.

The Signaller heard it too, and thought it was James saying he was ready. He pulled the lever, setting the points for the main line.

But James wasn't ready. The points changed when one of the trucks was halfway over them; one bogie went the right way, but the other was diverted towards the main line. Before James realised it, the truck was travelling sideways between the two lines. A signal stood right in its path.

"Stop!" squealed the truck, but it was too late. The signal toppled to the ground with a crash, just missing James.



"That's torn it!" said James's Driver. "The Fat Controller won't like that."

He didn't. He spoke severely about it, because the signal was important and its loss was inconvenient.

James knew the accident was not his fault, but he was unusually quiet in the Shed that evening. The others were relieved.







"I suppose it must be difficult to know which way to go when you've got two cabs," whispered a voice, "but to go two ways at once with only one cab – that really is something!"

James pretended he hadn't heard.



## Fire-Engine

"FLYING Scotsman and my brothers were all green," explained Gordon one night in the Shed. "It was all very well in its way, but now I prefer my blue. It makes me different, you see, and that's very suitable for an important engine like me."



"The engines on oor auld line used to be blue," remembered Donald, "but nae sae dark as we are. Dougie and me never were though – we had to be black, sae blue makes a nice change."



"I like my green too," agreed Henry. "I'd hate to be red like James. People would think I was a fire engine."

"At least people can see me coming," retorted James. "I don't disappear into the background like some engines

I could mention. If it weren't for the noise, you'd need a yellow and black front like Mavis."

Henry's protests were drowned in the laughter of the other engines, and he went to sleep wondering how to pay James back.

Henry was still cross next morning.





"What can be wrong? What can be wrong?" asked the coaches anxiously as Henry pulled noisily away from the Big Station.

"Do come along, do come along," Henry snorted impatiently.

They had a fast run, but it didn't improve Henry's temper. He bumped the coaches when they reached the end of the line, and again when he backed onto them for the return journey. He simmered angrily while the Fireman fastened the coupling.

No one noticed a rattle from beneath Henry's footplate as he snorted away, and soon the train was running well.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry," puffed Henry. Faster and faster they went. At last Henry began to feel better.

Suddenly he heard a crack from below his cab.

"Look out!" shouted the Driver. He applied the brakes while the Fireman scrambled forward to the footplate. He was just in time. Both men watched in horror as a widening gap opened between Henry and his tender.

Henry stopped as soon as he could. The automatic brake halted his tender and the train some way behind.

"We must drop Henry's fire," said the Driver urgently. "It will be



dangerous to let him boil dry now that we can't get more water from the tender."

The Fireman agreed.

"Sorry, old boy," he said to Henry. "Just when we'd got it going nicely, too. But if you hadn't banged about so much you wouldn't have broken your tender coupling."

While the Fireman dealt with the fire, the Driver went back to tell the Signalman what had happened. When he returned, he found Henry completely hidden in a huge cloud of black smoke, which billowed out from underneath his cab.

The Fireman emerged, choking.

"Henry's fire set the sleepers alight," he spluttered. "You stay here – I'm going to telephone the fire brigade."

The Driver eased Henry clear of the blaze, and then Edward came to take his train. Henry felt most uncomfortable.

Workmen made Henry a temporary coupling. They rejoined him to his

tender, and then the Driver and the Fireman lit a new fire and drove him gently home.

Edward, who had of course seen everything, told the others. They were careful what they talked about in the Shed that night.







As for Henry, he was touchy on the subject of fires for some time afterwards. But James was quick to notice that from then on Henry stopped making rude remarks about the colour of fire engines.



## Deep Freeze

WINTER had come, and for many days now had held everything in its icy grip. The countryside was frozen hard, trees were white with frost, and icicles hung from bridges and water-columns. Luckily, however, there was little snow.



"Too cold for that, thank goodness," shivered James's Driver, as he and the Fireman huddled on the sheltered side of the cab. James had an open footplate, and every day his crew came to work muffled to the eyebrows in scarves and jerseys.

Sometimes water-columns froze too, and then the engines could not get



the water they needed. But this never happened at the Works station, and one day, when the frost seemed harder than ever, James's Driver stopped him by the water-column there.

"We'll give you a good topping-up while we can," he said. "There's no telling when we might get some more."

James shivered as the icy water cascaded into his tender, but he knew his Driver was right.





jumping down to the footplate. "Let's be off – I want to warm myself up shovelling coal."

"We can't go yet," laughed the Driver. "They haven't finished loading the luggage van."

"Well, I wish they'd hurry," grumbled the Fireman, blowing on his hands. "I'm frozen from standing on that tender."

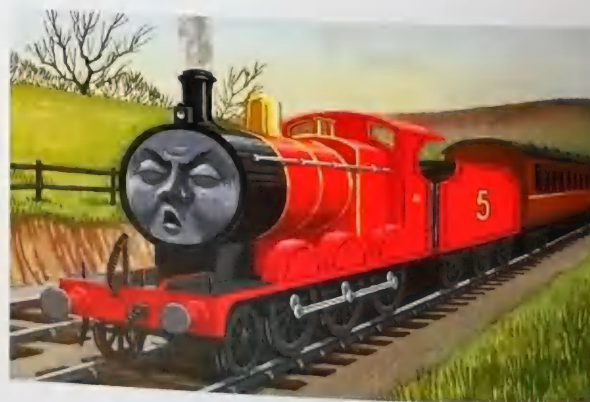
All engines have a tap called an injector. It allows the Driver or the Fireman to transfer water from the tender to the boiler, and is very important. Without it the water-level in the boiler could become too low to make steam properly.

They had not gone far before James felt thirsty.

"I need a drink, please," he said to his Driver.

The Driver switched on the injector, but nothing happened. The Fireman tried his duplicate; still nothing.

"I've got such a pain," groaned James.



They filled James's tank to the brim, because the Fireman forgot to tell the Driver to turn the tap off. Water overflowed on to James's tender, making him start to shiver again.

"Right," said the Fireman,



"Your injector's failed," said his Driver. "Blockage in the pipe, most likely. We'll have to stop and deal with your fire – can't go on without water."

"Don't set the sleepers on fire," pleaded James. "Henry would never let me forget it."

The Fireman laughed.

"You'll be all right if we just damp you down," he said. "There's no need to throw the fire out, as Henry did."

They stopped near a signalbox and James's Driver asked the Signaller to telephone for help.

The Works sent a diesel, whom James had never met, to help him.

"Rescued by a diesel," he snorted disgustedly. "It's degrading. I won't go!"



But he soon changed his mind, because now that his fire was down his boiler was cooling, and he could feel the icy wind.

The diesel was friendly. James was quiet at first, but by the time they reached the

Works the diesel had won him over and the two of them were chatting like old friends.

At the Works, James's Fireman climbed on to the tender. He tried to open the filler-cap, but he couldn't do it.





"There's your answer, James," he said. "Your filler-cap's frozen solid. That's because the water overflowed. Ice is stopping air from getting into the tank, so the injector can't work. You'll be all right when the ice melts."



He was, and that wasn't all. Thanks to his new friend from the Works, even James now admits that diesels can be Useful Engines too.

THE RAILWAY SERIES NO. 29

## Great Little Engines



CHRISTOPHER AWDRY

with illustrations by  
CLIVE SPONG

### FOREWORD

DEAR FRIENDS,

Sir Handel has been helping on the Talylyn Railway, at Tywyn, in Wales. "You could write a book about it," he said when I went to see him. Sir Handel was conceited before he went: whatever would happen, I thought, if he had a book all to himself? But some of his adventures *were* too good to waste, so I mixed them with stories about the other engines. That ought to keep everyone happy.

THE AUTHOR





## Patience is a Virtue



THE Thin Controller held a letter in his hand. Six little engines watched him anxiously.

"Do you remember your twin, Talyllyn?" he asked Skarloey. "He is ill, so his controller is short of an engine. Now, I can't spare

anyone until Duke is mended, but I want to suggest to him that one of us might . . ."

"Oh, Sir, please, Sir!" cried the engines excitedly.

The Thin Controller held his ears.

"You can't all go," he laughed. "I thought . . . Sir Handel."

"Oh, Sir," said Sir Handel happily.

A few days later Duke was taken to the Works. Sir Handel's excitement grew and grew.

"I hope he comes back quickly," he said to anyone who would listen.

"Don't be so impatient," his Driver laughed. "There's a lot to be done first. Your repairs took a long time, remember, and Duke is quite a bit older than you."

The weeks passed, and still Duke didn't come back.



Sir Handel became more and more impatient. One day he was waiting with some carriages at the bottom station when Gordon arrived.

"I've been invited to Wales," Sir Handel told him in an important tone of voice, "but I can't be spared until Duke is mended."

"Quite right," said Gordon. "It's a great responsibility being indispensable."

"Gordon says I'm . . . er . . . insensible," Sir Handel boasted to the others. They were amused, but not impressed.

Summer came, and crowds of visitors came to the railway. Sometimes extra coaches were needed to carry all the people. One day, Sir Handel's train



was fuller than ever. When he reached the top station he was quite exhausted.

An enormous crowd was waiting on the platform for the last train home.

"They must have come on earlier trains and stayed to picnic by the lake," said the Fireman. "Never mind, we'll manage all right. It's all downhill from here on."

But at the station near the waterfall, the platform was full too.

"We need a shoehorn to get them all in!" exclaimed the Guard, scratching his head. "Still, we'll have to do it somehow. Some of the





passengers can travel with me in Beatrice."

The passengers had enjoyed their day in the hills, and didn't mind standing if it meant they could get home. They knew it would be for only a short while and Sir

Handel would try hard to get them to Henry on time..

The Guard always checked tickets at the station by the waterfall. Today it was a long job, and before he had even half finished, Sir Handel was growing impatient.

"An insensible engine like me shouldn't keep Henry waiting like this!" he fumed to his Driver.

"Can't be helped," replied the Driver. "Henry will just have to wait – he's kept us at it before now."

At last the Guard was ready. He blew his whistle, waved his green flag and turned towards Beatrice.

"At last we're off, do come along, at last we're off, do come along," Sir Handel snorted impatiently. Quickly the train began to move.

The Guard tried to board Beatrice, but her doorway was blocked by passengers. By the time they had moved to let him in, the train was out of



the station and the Guard was left on the platform, jumping up and down in frustration as the train chuffed quickly away.



Beatrice tried to stop, but there was no one to put her brakes on. The Guard blew his whistle and waved a red flag, but the line curved, and Sir Handel couldn't see or hear him. Luckily, one of the passengers knew what to do.

He pressed a button, and a buzzer sounded in Sir Handel's cab. His Driver braked hard and Sir Handel ground to a halt.

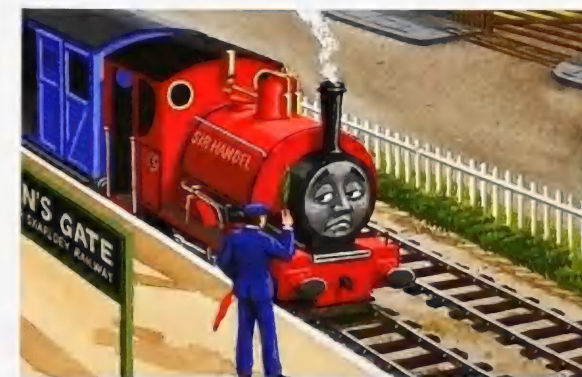
"Now what?" the Driver asked the Fireman. "Go and find out – maybe we've left someone behind."

They had, of course. They soon discovered who it was.

Some passengers helped the Guard to get aboard, and after a fast run Sir Handel's train reached the terminus at the same time as Henry. Sir Handel stopped with a sigh of relief.

The Guard came along the platform to see him.

"I'm sorry I was impatient, Mr. Guard," said Sir Handel nervously. "I didn't want to be late bringing Henry's passengers. Insensible engines shouldn't be late, should they?"







"No," agreed the Guard. "But sensible engines know that patience is a virtue. Remember that next time."

"I'll try," promised Sir Handel sadly.



## ***Peter Sam and the Prickly Problem***



DUKE returned at last, and Sir Handel went away. The other engines were kept so busy that they didn't have time to miss him.

Hedgecutters had been busy too, trimming trees and bushes beside the railway so

that passengers could see the view.

Each evening Rusty took some trucks up the line and carried away as many cuttings as he could. But he could manage only a few at a time, and as fast as he moved the cuttings, more took their place.

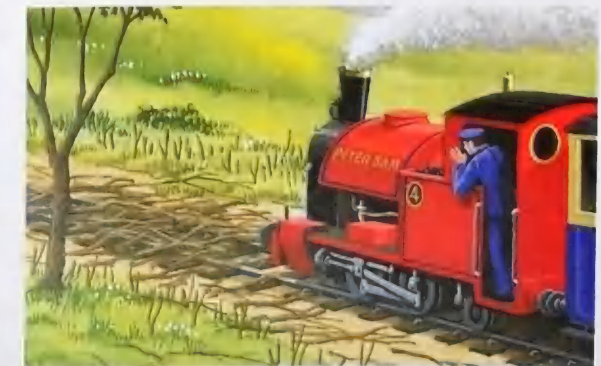
It was Peter Sam's turn to take the morning train. The coaches were full, but the rails were dry and Peter Sam didn't mind the extra load. He puffed happily along until, just beyond the tunnel, he found that, in the night, a high wind had blown hedge-cuttings across the rails.

He stopped, and his Driver and Fireman got down.

"We'll never get through that lot!" exclaimed the Fireman.

"Pooh!" scoffed Peter Sam. "They're only little branches. Nothing to it – we'll simply push them aside."

"Have it your own way," said his Driver. "If we stop to







clear up properly we shall be here for ages and some of the passengers might miss their train at the bottom station."

Peter Sam puffed bravely on. He went carefully at first, and the branches slid aside easily. Then came a stretch where the cuttings were brambles. Peter Sam began to regret his boasting. Not only were the thorns prickly, but they caught in each other, and the branches stayed firmly put.

"Ouch!" exclaimed Peter Sam suddenly, and stopped. "I can't move," he complained.

The Fireman got out to check.

"It's no good," he said at last. "You've got brambles caught in your valve gear, and steam can't get into your cylinders. We shall have to cut you out."



Peter Sam shuddered. He shut his eyes and prepared for the worst.

The Fireman pulled on thick gloves. Then, while he tried to clear what he could, the Driver went to ask the Guard if he had a knife.

Some of the passengers had knives too, and came to help. But even then the job took longer than expected, and by the time Peter Sam was free of brambles there was no hope of getting the passengers round the lake and



back before James's train left.

Peter Sam's Driver apologised to the passengers, but they didn't mind.

"We enjoyed the adventure," they laughed.

The Driver telephoned the Thin Controller. On the way

home they passed Rusty, pulling a long train of trucks.

Rusty worked hard, and by the afternoon the line was clear for trains to run normally.

Peter Sam's front felt uncomfortable for several days. The others laughed, and teased him.

"Take a snowplough next time," they suggested, and they kept asking if he had a sharp knife in his cab.

At last Skarloey told them to stop.

"I really can't think what all the fuss is for," remarked Duncan innocently. "They were only little branches, after all – nothing to get prickly about, surely."







## “Pop” Special

DURING the summer, a party of Scouts set up tents in a field beside the line. They bustled about arranging things, but were never too busy to wave to the engines as they passed.



“They’ve come for their annual Camp,” explained Duncan’s Driver. “It’s a sort of holiday for them. Their Leader has been to see Mr. Hugh, and he says that the boys can work on the railway for us.”

“Sounds a funny sort of holiday to me,” said Duncan doubtfully.

“Lots of people do it,” continued the Driver. “The Talylyn Railway, where Sir Handel has gone, has most of its work done like that. The Scouts are going to help us. You know that place near the top station, where the ditches are bad and we have to be careful when it’s wet? Well, the Scouts are going to put that right for us.”



The engines were pleased, because they didn’t like having to slow down there in wet or frosty weather.

It was anything but frosty at present. Each day the sun shone, and it became hotter and hotter, too hot even for



holidaymakers to lie on the beach. Every train was as full.

The Scouts were hot, too. They rested thankfully as the trains passed, but their cheerful waves became wearier as the week wore on.

On the final day of their Camp, Duncan toiled uphill with the last train. He was looking forward to a rest under the trees at the top station.

As Duncan neared the place where the Scouts were working, he whistled to warn them he was coming.

Then he saw a figure crossing the line in front of the train. Duncan’s Driver put a hand on his brake.

“Steady on, Duncan,” he warned. “It looks as if the Scouts’ leader wants us to stop for something.”

Duncan drew gently to a halt, and the leader climbed on to the step of his cab.

“Is anything wrong?” the Driver asked anxiously.

“Not yet,” replied the leader, “but I’m afraid there might be unless the boys have a drink. Can you drop off some pop or something when you next pass, please?”

“No problem,” replied the Driver. “I’ll see the refreshment lady when we reach the top station.”







But when they got there, the Driver came back from the refreshment room with a long face.

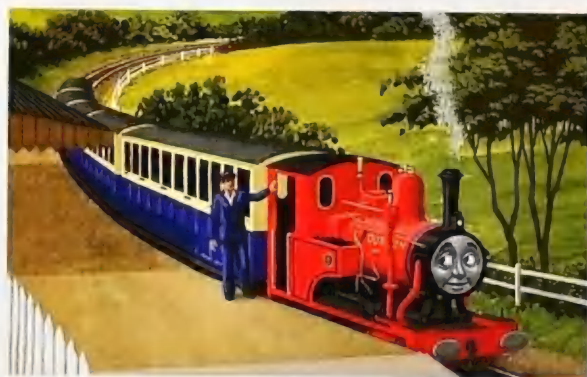
"Not a bottle to be had," he moaned to Duncan.

"Everyone's as thirsty as those boys. So now what?"



Duncan didn't know. He thought so hard that he began to feel thirsty himself. Then, suddenly, an idea came to him. "Isn't there a shop near the station by the lake?" he said. "Perhaps the lady there . . ."

"Of course!" interrupted the Fireman excitedly. "We'll leave the coaches here while Duncan takes something to the boys. We can just get back here



before the train is due to leave, but we must hurry."

While the Stationmaster telephoned the shop-lady to warn her they were coming, Duncan set off.

The shop-lady met them at the station.

"I haven't much myself," she said, "but the lads are welcome to what there is."

A little later the Scouts heard a whistle and Duncan puffed into sight. He stopped beside them, and his Driver handed down the drinks.

The Scouts cheered him.

"Not me," he told them. "It was Duncan's idea."



So they cheered again, and thanked Duncan instead.

"It's nothing," he said modestly. "You're helping us – it's only fair we should help you too."







## Sir Handel Comes Home

SIR Handel was given a great welcome when he returned. It was too late for the workmen to unload him that night, so the engines asked if his truck could be put where he could tell them all about his exciting adventures.



"A real prince and princess came to see us," Sir Handel told them proudly. "They rode in a special train. Driver said they were given some books about us written by someone called the Thin Clergyman, but I didn't really understand that."



"I do," said Duke. "He and the Fat Clergyman were the ones who found me, and they put me in a book, too."

Peter Sam was impressed.

"Did you pull the prince's train?" he asked Sir Handel.

"No," replied Sir Handel. "I was a spare engine – it poured with rain and I got soaked. I pulled a special wedding train, though. We had to bring the coaches back very early in the morning. I'd never been out at that time of day before."

Peter Sam told Sir Handel about his tangle with the brambles.

Sir Handel laughed.



"I know what you mean," he said. "I had an adventure a bit like that just before I came back. It was a wet day, and I didn't want to go out, but the Driver said I must. Well, we set off. Luckily the train wasn't very full, so we got on

all right, even though it was raining. Then we stopped at a station . . ."

Sir Handel paused dramatically.

"Go on," urged Peter Sam.

"Just beyond the station," continued Sir Handel, "there was a steep bit and a curve. Well, it was wet, so naturally I was concentrating on getting up the hill."

"Of course," agreed Rheneas gravely.



"As we came round the bend a tree suddenly seemed to jump out at me. I tried to stop, of course, but my wheels slipped on the wet rails, and I ran smack into the tree. It hurt, I can tell you."

"It must have done," agreed Duke, and there were sympathetic murmurs from the others.

"The tree didn't actually hit me in the eye," explained Sir Handel, "but the Driver and the Fireman made a great fuss about it."

"Next morning they put a bandage on my forehead and a black patch





over my eye. Everyone laughed, and said I looked like a pirate. Then I pulled a special train at a thing they called an AGM. They even wrote a piece about me in their magazine."

Sir Handel sighed happily.

"Oh, it was great fun," he said.

"Did you see my twin, Talyllyn?" asked Skarloey.

"He was in another part of the Shed," replied Sir Handel. "The other engines told me that he's on the mend and he'll be back at work soon. He's lucky – he's got a lovely railway."

Sir Handel closed his eyes, remembering.

"All the same," he added, "it's good to be home."

Duke smiled in the darkness.

"I know what you mean," he agreed.



THE RAILWAY SERIES NO. 30

## More about Thomas the Tank Engine



CHRISTOPHER AWDRY

with illustrations by  
CLIVE SPONG

### FOREWORD

DEAR FRIENDS,

Sometimes Thomas and Percy both think they are the most important engine on the branch line. We know better, of course, and so does the Fat Controller, which is why he did not intervene when Thomas and Percy had a quarrel. Like most quarrels, it wasn't serious to start with. It began when Percy . . . But why not turn the page and read about it for yourself?

THE AUTHOR





## Thomas, Percy and the Coal



THOMAS the Tank Engine's blue paint sparkled in the sunshine as he puffed happily along his branch line with Annie and Clarabel.

"Blue is the only proper colour for an engine," he boasted to the other engines.

"Oh, I don't know, I like my brown paint," said Toby.

"I've always been green. I wouldn't want to be any other colour either," added Percy.

"Blue is the only colour for a Really Useful Engine – everybody knows that," spluttered Thomas.

Percy said no more. He just grinned at Toby, and winked.

Each day Percy brings a truck full of coal from the Junction for the coal merchants at Ffarquhar. The next morning Thomas was resting when Percy arrived.

"Be careful in this siding, Percy," warned Thomas, as Percy pushed the trucks along the line beside him. "These buffers aren't very safe, they . . ."

He got no further. As one of the coal trucks passed Thomas, the catch on its



door burst open. With a rumble and a crash, an avalanche of coal poured out and piled up around Thomas's wheels.

A thick cloud of coal dust arose all round him.

"Atishooo!" spluttered Thomas. "Help, I'm choking! Get me out!"

Percy looked worried. Then, as the dust settled, he looked at Thomas and began to laugh. Thomas's smart blue paint was black from his smokebox to his bunker.

"Ha, ha, ha," chuckled Percy. "You don't look Really Useful now. You should see yourself. You look Really Disgraceful."

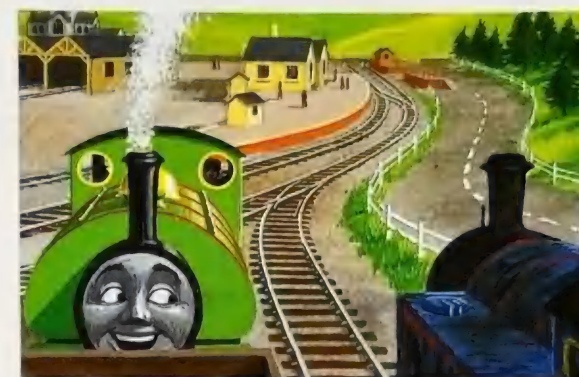
"I am not disgraceful," choked Thomas furiously. "You did that on purpose, Percy. Now stop your stupid giggling and get me out."



Poor Thomas was filthy.

"You're not fit to be seen," grumbled the cleaners.

It took so long to clean Thomas that he wasn't ready in time for his next



But it was some time before Percy could help. The coal-bunker stood behind the buffers that Thomas had said were unsafe. It was only when the coal was shovelled into the bunker that Thomas could be moved.





Percy was annoyed with Thomas for thinking that he had made his paint black on purpose.

"Who'd have thought it?" Percy remarked. "Fancy, a Really Useful blue engine like Thomas becoming a disgrace to the Fat Controller's Railway."

"You wait, Percy," replied Thomas crossly. "One day you'll laugh on the other side of your smokebox."

"Pooh!" rejoined Percy. "I wouldn't have missed all that fun for anything."

The feud worsened as time went on. Thomas thought Percy had coal-dusted him deliberately, and Percy was cross with Thomas for thinking so.

Two days later Thomas was at the platform when Percy brought his trucks from the Junction. Percy arranged them and ran into a siding for a drink before Thomas's train left.

The water-column stood at the end of the siding with the faulty buffers.



As Percy tried to stop he heard a cracking sound and to his horror found that he couldn't.



Percy had disappeared beneath a thick black cloak.

Thomas watched from the platform. As the crash died away, the signal-arm dropped and Thomas moved off, laughing as he went. Percy was furious, and he spent the rest of the day wondering how to pay Thomas back.

The buffers didn't stop him either.

"Oooooer!" wailed Percy.

"Help!"

The buffers broke and Percy ran into the coal-bunker with a thud. Coal flew everywhere, and when the dust had settled





## The Runaway

PERCY was soon mended, but one morning Thomas woke feeling ill. The Fat Controller sent him to the Big Station to see if he could be mended there, but it was no use.

"Edward must take you to the Works," the Fat Controller told him.

"I want you to go and help Percy and Toby while Thomas is ill," he said to Duck. "Donald and Douglas will do your work here until Thomas is well enough to come back."

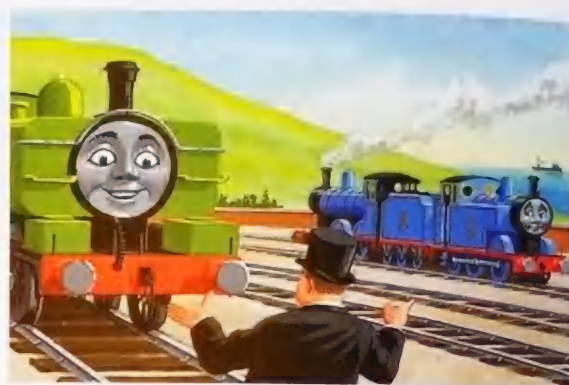


someone new to talk to.

Even Annie and Clarabel were impressed.

"Such nice manners," they told each other. "It really is a pleasure to go out with him."

They soon made Duck welcome, and he laughed when they told him how



Duck was delighted. He knew Percy already, and it wasn't long before he had made friends with Toby, Terence and Bertie. Percy, who was still cross with Thomas over the coal-dusting incident, was glad to have



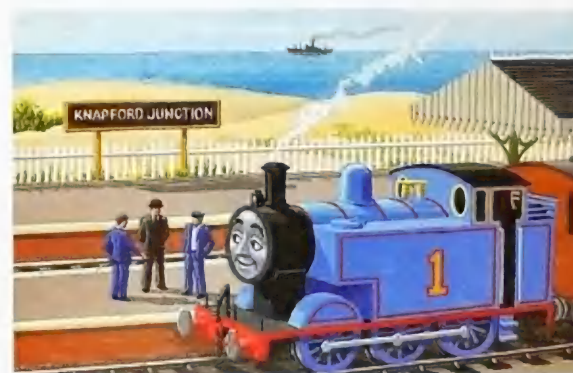
Thomas had once left their Guard behind at the Junction.

When Thomas came back Annie and Clarabel told him how well Duck had managed. Though Thomas was jealous at first, he was so pleased to be home that he soon forgot.



But he didn't forget the affair with the coal. Percy was careful to keep out of his way.

The Works had left Thomas's handbrake very stiff. It made his brakes seem as if they were on, when, in fact, they weren't, and Thomas's Driver and Fireman soon learnt to be extra careful.



But one day Thomas's Fireman was ill, and a relief man took his place. At the Junction, Thomas ran round Annie and Clarabel. While his Driver chatted to the Stationmaster, the Fireman fastened the coupling.

The Driver had told the relief Fireman about Thomas's brake, but unluckily he had forgotten. When he had finished with the coupling he joined the Driver and Stationmaster on the platform.

Thomas simmered happily.

In the distance Henry appeared.

"Not long now," thought Thomas.





At that moment Thomas felt his wheels begin to move. He tried to stop, but he couldn't without his Driver and Fireman. He tried to whistle a warning, but he couldn't do that either.

The Guard shouted from the platform, but that did no good. The Guard, Driver and Fireman were all stranded, and the passengers were left on the platform staring. Thomas, Annie and Clarabel gathered speed out of the station. The empty coaches shrieked as they rounded the curve, but Thomas, with plenty of steam, kept on going.

The Signalman at the Junction soon realised what had happened, and sent a message along the line. An Inspector prepared to stop the runaway at the station near the airfield where Harold the Helicopter stood ready in case of emergency.



But Thomas was still going much too fast. Quickly the Inspector climbed aboard Harold and they took off.

"I must get there in time, I must," he whirled anxiously.

Below, Thomas was tiring.

"I need to stop, I need to stop," he panted wearily.

Annie and Clarabel held back as they went uphill. As they neared the station,



Thomas saw Harold land and the Inspector run towards the platform, where he stood waiting.

This time Thomas entered the station slowly enough for the Inspector to act. Running beside the train, he judged his moment, jumped and scrambled into Thomas's cab. Then he put the brake hard on.



With a sigh of relief, Thomas stopped.

The Inspector mopped his brow.

"Phew!" he remarked.

Wearily, Thomas agreed with him.



## Better Late than Never



WORKMEN were mending the viaduct on the main line. The arches needed to be strengthened, but the Fat Controller did not want to close the Railway while the work was done, and so repairs took a long time. The engines

had to take great care when crossing the viaduct, and the delay often made them late at the Junction. Thomas was cross.

"Time's time," he grumbled. "Why should I keep my passengers waiting while Henry and James dawdle about all day on viaducts?"

"Don't blame me," snorted Henry one day. "If we hurried across the viaduct it might collapse, and then you'd have no passengers at all. What would you do then, eh?"

"Run my trains on time, for one thing," retorted Thomas, and hurried away before Henry could answer.

At the top station Bertie was timed to arrive just after Thomas. His passengers soon found that instead of going straight from Bertie to their train, they were having to wait until Thomas arrived.

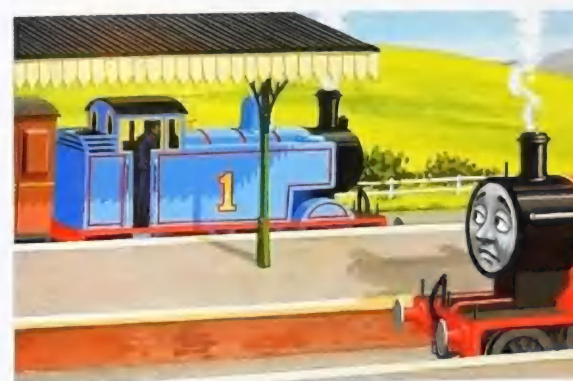
"Late again," remarked Bertie one day, as Thomas panted wearily in, ten



minutes after time. "I thought you could go fast, Thomas. It's time we had another race – I reckon I could beat you now."

Thomas went bluer than ever, and let off steam loudly.

"Rubbish!" he hissed fiercely. "I'd still beat you any day. It's those main line engines. They dither about on their viaduct and then blame the Fat Controller's workmen. It's just an excuse for laziness, if you ask me."



One day James was later than ever at the Junction.

"I'm sorry, Thomas," he puffed, as he came breathlessly to the platform. "I was held up at the Big Station, and the viaduct made it worse."

"It's lucky for you I'm a guaranteed connection," snorted Thomas. He puffed importantly away, leaving James at a loss for words.

"Peep, peep," whistled Thomas at every station. "Get in quickly, please."

The passengers did their best, but Thomas soon found that he couldn't save much time.

As they neared the tunnel, Thomas thought he saw a flash of red on the road beside the line.

"That looks like Bertie," he said to himself, "but Bertie should have got





to Ffarquhar ages ago."

It was Bertie. Thomas stopped nearby and asked what the matter was.

"I feel dreadful," mourned Bertie. "All upset inside, and Driver says he can't make me better. Thank goodness you're

late. Can you take my passengers, please? They'll never get home otherwise."

"Of course," agreed Thomas.

Thankfully the passengers climbed into Annie and Clarabel, and after promising Bertie that he would send for help from the next station, Thomas set off again. Already he was feeling much more cheerful.



All the passengers reached home safely, and when Bertie was better he came to thank Thomas.

"I'm sorry I teased you about being late," he said.

"That's all right," said Thomas. "I'm glad I could help. Perhaps being late isn't such a bad thing after all."



## Drip-Tank

ONE evening Percy was bringing empty stone-trucks from the Harbour. He was tired of his quarrel with Thomas, and wanted to be friends again. He had had a good day, and was feeling extra pleased with himself.



He was so busy thinking how he would tell Thomas and Toby about his expert handling of the trucks that he forgot to keep a good look-out. Too late, he saw a broken branch hanging over the line straight in front of him.

"Oooooer," he groaned.

He tried to stop, but his brakes wouldn't hold him.



"Ouch!" he exclaimed a moment later. The branch hit his smokebox, broke away and crashed to the ground.

Percy was more startled than hurt, but his front was still sore when he reached the Shed.

"It's your own fault," said

Thomas, unsympathetically. "You should keep a better look-out – I've no patience with you."

"Pooh!" retorted Percy huffily. He forgot his good resolution and talked to Toby for the rest of the evening.





Percy didn't speak to Thomas the next day either.

"I say, Toby," he said in the Shed that evening, "what's a drip, do you know?"

Toby pondered.

"It's when rain comes through a hole in your cab,

and Fireman hasn't got time to mend it," he decided at last.

"That's silly," objected Percy. "I heard a boy on the platform call his friend one this afternoon. I'm sure he couldn't have come through a hole in my cab," he added earnestly.

Thomas was tired of being ignored.

"That's different," he interrupted loftily. "The boy just thought his friend was being a coward, or silly, or a spoilsport."

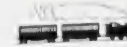
Percy thought about this.

"So if . . ." he suggested reflectively, ". . . if you stopped me from doing something nice, would you be a drip, Thomas?"

"You're the drip," answered Thomas crossly. "Now go to sleep like a sensible engine and stop talking nonsense."

Percy was offended. Instead of going to sleep he became even more determined to pay Thomas out.

Next day Henry's train was late at the Junction. When Thomas set out



along the valley he was trying to make up for lost time.

Suddenly there was a loud bang, and something hard hit the bottom of his left-hand watertank.

"Ouch!" exclaimed Thomas, and stopped. As he did so he felt water splashing cold against his wheels.

"One of your siderods has broken," said his Driver. "It swung up and punctured your tank – we'll have to get help."

At Ffarquhar, Percy was shunting. The Stationmaster came up.

"Leave those trucks please, Percy," he said. "Thomas has got a hole in his watertank – there's water dripping everywhere, and he can't get home on his own."



Percy was still cross with Thomas.

"I won't go," he said.

"Thomas called me a drip – let him jolly well stay there and drip himself."

"But what about Annie and Clarabel and the passengers?"

reminded Percy's Driver. "Do they deserve to stay out all night too?"

Percy was sorry at once.

"I forgot them," he said. "We must rescue them in case they turn into drips too."





He hurried away.

He found Thomas near the river. Everyone was glad to see him, and the passengers thanked him for coming.

"I'm sorry I was rude," said Thomas, as Percy helped him back to the Shed. "That tank of mine turned me into a bigger drip than we expected, didn't it? Can we be friends again, please?"

Percy was delighted to agree.



THE RAILWAY SERIES NO. 31

## ***Gordon the High-Speed Engine***



CHRISTOPHER AWDRY

with illustrations by  
CLIVE SPONG

### FOREWORD

DEAR FRIENDS,

Over here on the Other Railway we are used to High-Speed Trains, and know how useful they can be. But when Gordon first heard of them he began boasting about how fast he could go. He should have known better, because he only landed himself in disgrace and made the Fat Controller cross. These stories tell how hard Gordon worked to redeem himself and make the Fat Controller think again.

THE AUTHOR





## High-Speed Gordon



DONALD was excited.

"The diesels at yon Wurrks," he announced, "say that on the Other Railway there are things called High-Speed Trains. They have a diesel engine at each end, and can go at 125 miles an hour."

Gordon snorted.

"An engine at each end," he said scornfully. "There's only one of me, but I bet I can go as fast as those smelly boxes-on-wheels. Probably faster," he added.

The others said nothing. They had heard Gordon's boasting before.

Gordon was still bragging the next morning.

"Speed's nothing to me," he said. "Why, one of my Doncaster cousins went at 125 miles an hour. I'll show these diesels a thing or two, just you wait and see."

He puffed grandly towards the station.

Gordon normally pulled the Express, though Henry, James or Bear helped if Gordon was ill or away.

Many visitors came to see the Fat Controller's Railway.



They often used the Express, so it was usually full and heavy.

There had been frost during the night, and now the weather was wet and sleety. Sleet settled on the rails making an icy film across their surface.

The carriages of the Express stood under the cover of the station roof, but when Gordon was coupled to them his cab and front end stood outside.

He grew colder and colder as he waited for the Guard to blow his whistle and wave his green flag.

"Come on," he shivered impatiently. "Let's get started."

At last Gordon heard the whistle.

"Come on, come on, come on come on come on!" he shouted, as he tried to pull away quickly.

But his wheels slipped on the icy rails. The sudden movement made water in his boiler surge forward, and Gordon's Driver could not shut off steam. Gordon moved a yard and slithered to a standstill, held back by the



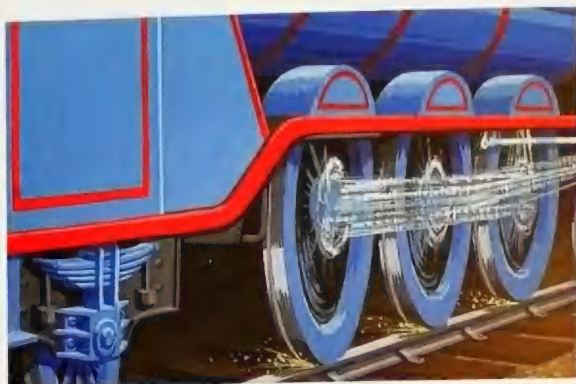
heavy train. His wheels spun furiously, but neither Gordon nor his train budged an inch.

"Help, help!" wailed Gordon despairingly, but nobody could.

Gordon's wheels spun until his rods ached, but he could







do nothing to stop them.

His Driver tried every trick he knew. An Inspector came and tried some more, but it was no good. The Fat Controller came to see what the fuss was about. He said several things to Gordon, but

Gordon was making so much noise that he couldn't hear them. Sparks showered from the rails, but Gordon's wheels went on spinning.

It was a quarter of an hour before Gordon had used up all his steam. Reduced pressure allowed the Driver to close the regulator, and with a deep sigh of relief Gordon felt his wheels stop turning. The silence was amazing!

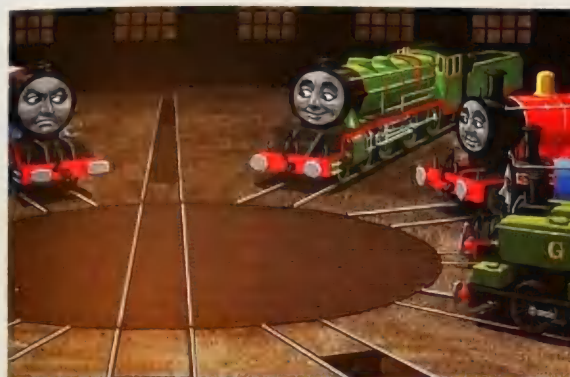
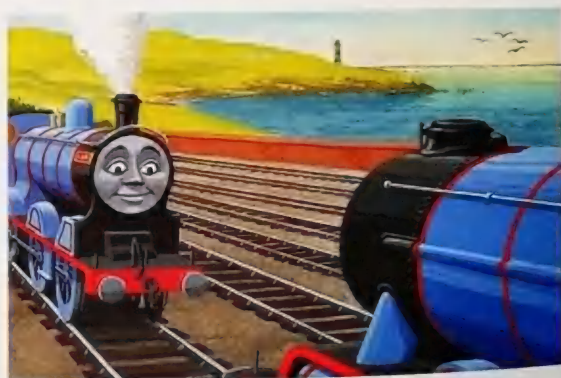
Donald came to take Gordon to the Shed, and Henry came to pull the Express. When the train had gone, workmen had to replace the rails where Gordon had been standing, because his spinning wheels had worn deep grooves in them.

The Shed was empty. Donald tactfully remembered another job and left Gordon on his own. But that night Gordon heard a whisper from close by.

"Did you hear," it hissed, "how Gordon went for a spin today?"

There was a quiet chuckle. Gordon seethed in silence.

"High-Speed Engines are all very well," the whisper went on, "but



Gordon should know by now that he's supposed to move his train too."

Gordon snorted disgustedly, and with a gasp the whisperer subsided into silence.





## Smokescreen



GORDON was feeling 'stuffed-up'. "It's the coal, Gordon," explained his Fireman. "It's clogging up your tubes something awful. But we'll have to make do with it, as there's nothing else."

"Why not have a good sneeze, Gordon?" suggested Henry, thinking of the time when he had punished some boys for dropping stones on him. "That will clear your tubes."

"Certainly not," replied Gordon with dignity. "The Fat Controller wouldn't approve. He didn't like your sneeze, I seem to remember."

Next day Gordon was nervous as he backed onto the Express.

"At least I shan't slip today," he thought, "but I suppose they'll laugh at me again if I don't keep time."

He needn't have worried. By the time he reached the Junction he was running nicely, and as he approached Edward's station Gordon's Fireman began to make up the fire.

"Let's get a good run at the hill while you've got enough steam to do it," he said. "I don't trust this low-grade coal."

At the station a party of wedding guests, all in their best clothes, was standing



on the platform. As Gordon swooshed through, running hard for the hill, smoke from the newly made fire streamed from his funnel. He vanished into the distance and left a black smokescreen settling over the station. It covered everything, wedding guests and all, in a coat of soot and smuts. Waves to Gordon became shaking fists, and the wedding party hurried angrily to the Stationmaster's office.

At the end of the line an Inspector came to see Gordon. His message from the Fat Controller was short but not sweet.



"It's not fair," Gordon complained to BoCo. "How could I help all that smoke? It's not my fault the coal is so dirty."

"Never mind," BoCo urged him encouragingly. "Where would I be if I got upset every

time someone called me smelly? Anyhow, soot's good for the garden, my Driver says."

"But not for new clothes," muttered Gordon.

Gordon was extra careful on the way home, but it seemed today wasn't his lucky day.

The Fat Controller had broken a journey to the Other Railway to apologise





to the people at Edward's station. He had done his best, and was waiting for another train when Gordon came by. As the Express thundered through, a cloud of black flakes flew from it and landed on the Fat Controller's new top-hat.

When Gordon reached the Big Station there was another message waiting for him.

"The Fat Controller says," announced the Inspector, "that Gordon blew ashes on his top-hat as he passed Edward's station."

Gordon was horrified.

"Wheeeeeesh!" he exclaimed indignantly. "I did not. I was being extra careful."

"I'm sure the Fat Controller can't be right," put in Gordon's Fireman.

"I can't help it," said the Inspector. "That's what he says, so there it is. He will speak to Gordon when he gets home."

Gordon went sadly back to the Shed.



## Fire Escape

"DRIVER says the Fat Controller's coming home tomorrow," said James a week after Gordon's bad day.

Gordon grunted. He wasn't anxious to see the Fat Controller.

"I must do well today," he said to himself as he waited to start the Express. "A good run today might help, if the Fat Controller hears about it."

Things did not begin well, though. Thanks to a last-minute passenger they were late starting, which meant that Gordon missed his path at the Junction, and was delayed there too.

But with a clear run after that, they flashed through Edward's station, going splendidly. They were halfway up the hill when there was a clatter beneath Gordon's cab. Suddenly he felt a blast of cold air in his middle, as if there were a gap between his boiler and cab.



"Oooooof!" he gasped. "What's happened?"

The Fireman looked at his fire: there was a gaping hole in the middle, where the firebars had collapsed and a large part of the fire had disappeared.







"You've lost part of your fire, Gordon," the Fireman explained. "What a place to do it!"

Already Gordon was feeling weaker. Without a full fire his steam pressure and speed fell quickly.

But his Driver knew what to do.

"Find the biggest piece of coal you can, and put it across the hole," he told the Fireman. "That will stop some of the cold air from getting in, and we'll be able to hold steam better. But hurry, or the hill will beat us!"

The Fireman hurried. A large lump of coal lay near the front of the tender. Quickly he moved it into place with his shovel and a long steel bar. Gordon felt better at once.



"Now build the fire gently round the edges," said the

Driver, and, as the Fireman did so, the Driver adjusted Gordon's controls to make the best use of his steam.

"Right Gordon," he said when the Fireman had finished. "It's up to you."

Gordon tried his hardest, but it was tough going.

"I must do it, I must do it," he told himself as he pounded up the hill. He had stuck here once before, and was determined not to fail again.

Poor Gordon was getting very breathless.



"I will do it, I will do it," he panted, but he was careful not to pant too loudly in case he blew away what was left of his fire. He shut his eyes and struggled on.

At last Gordon felt that the slope was easier to climb.

Cautiously he opened one eye: yes, he was nearly at the top.



"I've done it, I've done it," he gasped triumphantly.

The Fireman wiped his brow.

"That was splendid, Gordon," he said, "and now you deserve a rest."

A Signaller turned them into a goods loop, and

telephoned the Works for a pilot engine to be prepared. While they waited, the passengers got out and told Gordon what a Useful Engine he was.

BoCo was at the Works to help, and the two engines finished the journey without further trouble. At the end of the line the Fat Controller was waiting for them. To Gordon's surprise, he was smiling.

"Thank you, BoCo," he said,





## Gordon Proves His Point

ONE day Gordon reached the Big Station on the Mainland to find the platform crowded.

"It's a railtour," explained his Driver. "Going along the coast line to Carlisle, I think."

The Stationmaster came up.

"Can you help?" he asked.

"These railtour people are stuck because their train has failed. Could Gordon take them in his train, please?"

Gordon's driver laughed.

"You'll have to hold him back, eh Gordon?" he said. "But you need the Fat Controller's permission – and what about our return train?"

The Fat Controller agreed at once. Then the Stationmaster rang the Shed.

"What can you substitute for Gordon's Express?" he asked.



delighted to stand in for Gordon. Pip's cooling system was faulty, which made her hot and bothered, but Emma didn't mind doing all the work.



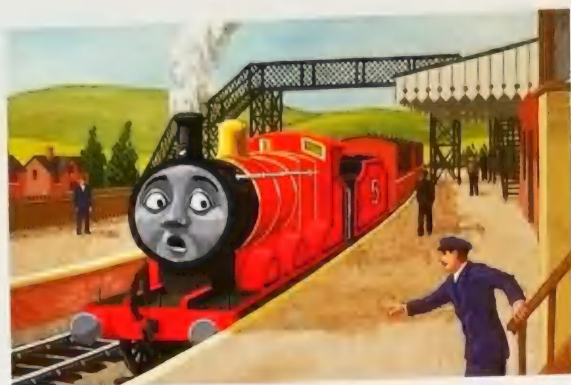
"There's the High-Speed Train that came yesterday," they suggested. "It's only got one power-car working, but it should keep the Fat Controller's timing."

Philippa (she preferred Pip for short) and Emma were

"and thank you, Gordon, for a splendid effort. I am pleased with your work today, though certain . . . ahem . . . other things leave much . . ."

But just then a whistle blew, and the Fat Controller had to hurry to his carriage. Once again poor Gordon was left in suspense.





They felt honoured to visit the Fat Controller's Railway.

James, following a little later with a stopping train, was surprised when the Signalman at the station beyond the Works came up.

"That High-Speed Diesel's

failed," he said. "Go gently until you reach it, push it to the next loop, and then go round in front to pull it home."

"Phew!" remarked James. "But what about the Express passengers? They won't want to make our stops."

"Too bad," said the Signalman. "Better that way than your people missing their stations."

James found the failed train about two miles in front. He pushed it to the next station, and then got ready to pull.

"I'm sorry I can't help," apologised Emma, who was in front, "but we are special lightweight coaches."

"That's lucky," said James, who was already feeling puffed. But he found it easier than he expected: once the train was moving the coaches followed smoothly. As for the passengers, if they wondered about the extra stops, they didn't complain.

The Fat Controller met them.



"I'm sorry we're late, Sir," said James.

"That's all right, James," said the Fat Controller. "I'm pleased with you – you have saved an Awkward Situation. Now, please make Pip and Emma welcome in the Shed while I arrange their journey home."



The other engines were quiet at first, but they soon found the diesels friendly, and before long they were all laughing together. James was glad Gordon was away – he might, he thought, so easily have said something to upset them.

Gordon came home the next day. The Fat Controller forgave him for his smokescreen, and said that he was sorry for thinking his spoiled top-hat had been Gordon's fault. It had, he explained, been a steward emptying an ashtray from a carriage window.

"Now, Gordon," he continued, "while you were in Carlisle we borrowed a High-Speed Train. This has failed, and I want you to take her passengers

home." He paused and smiled. "Show them how we do things, eh?"

"I certainly will," promised Gordon.

"Right," said Gordon's Driver as they backed towards the train. "Today, Gordon my







lad, you can have the run of your life."

He did, too.

Douglas was waiting to pull Pip and Emma home when Gordon passed.

"Poop, poop, poop," whistled Gordon proudly, and

with a swish and a roar he was gone. Pip and Emma watched enviously.

Douglas chuckled.

"Och," he said to himself, "yon Gordon's aye a High-Speed Engine, but it's me who's pulling the High-Speed Train."

THE RAILWAY SERIES NO. 32

## ***Toby, Trucks and Trouble***



CHRISTOPHER AWDRY

with illustrations by  
CLIVE SPONG

### **FOREWORD**

DEAR FRIENDS,

Trucks are silly things. They rattle, bang and chatter to each other so much that they can never hear what their engine says. Even if they did, they probably wouldn't take any notice. They pushed Mavis into a lorry, and that made extra work for Toby and Percy while she was being mended.

But on the other hand, perhaps they're not all bad – after all, they did teach Bulstrode a lesson. See what you think.

THE AUTHOR





## Mavis and the Lorry



MAVIS is a diesel engine belonging to the Ffarquhar Quarry Company. She is in charge of the stone trucks at the Quarry, and when Toby is busy or there are too many trucks for him to manage by himself, she is allowed to

bring a loaded train down to Ffarquhar. She enjoys this, because the journey gives her a chance to stretch her wheels. Besides, she sometimes finds it dull up at the Quarry with no one to talk to but trucks.

For most of the way the line runs beside a road. Mavis is always very careful, especially at the place where Thomas once had an argument with a policeman. A road crosses the line here, and though there are warning signs, some of the cars and lorries come round the corner much too fast. They make Mavis nervous.



"There'll be an accident one day," Mavis's Driver often says as they pass the place, and she feels sure he is right.

One day Mavis was late: the trucks had been in all the wrong places, and she had had to waste time sorting them out.

As she came down the line, she felt them surge against her.

"Stop pushing," she growled at the misbehaving trucks.

They neared the crossing and Mavis saw a lorry coming towards them.

"He'll stop when he sees us," she thought.

But she couldn't know the lorry driver was new to the Island: the last thing he expected to see was a train.

Much too fast, the lorry approached the corner. Too late the driver realised it was sharper than he expected. He swerved, and at that moment he saw Mavis halfway across the road. He braked hard and swung the steering wheel, but he was too late. The lorry's front bumper just caught Mavis's cowcatcher, and the lorry left the road and skidded into a ditch. With a loud crash it fell onto its side.

Mavis, who had already stopped, watched in horror.

"Ouch!" she exclaimed. "That hurt!"



"I didn't push him over," she cried in alarm.

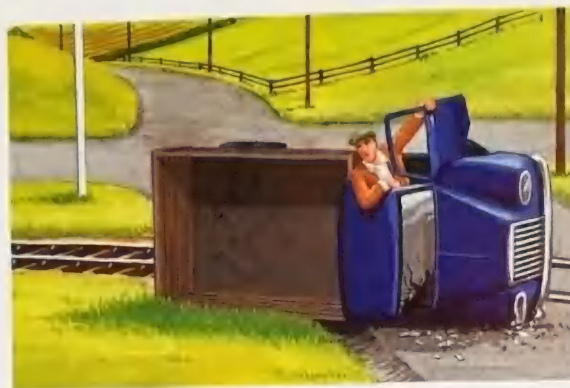
Her Driver laughed and jumped down.

"No one's blaming you," he said, "but I hope the lorry driver is all right."

The lorry's right-hand door was deep in the ditch, but now a figure could be seen struggling to climb out at the other side. Mavis's Driver went to help.







"Is that a train?" the man demanded.

Mavis's Driver laughed.

"It certainly is," he said.

"You must be new on the Island, not to have seen us before."

Mavis's front was bent, but

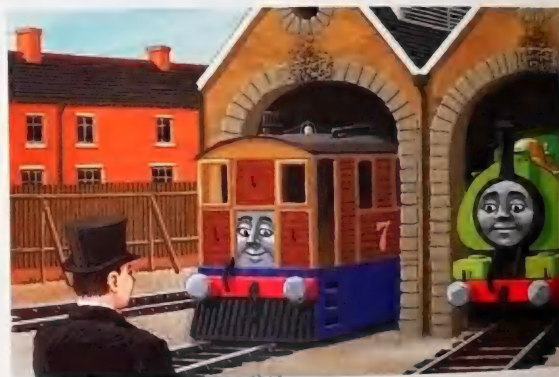
she wasn't badly hurt. Her owner sent her to be mended, and asked the Fat Controller if he could borrow Toby while she was away.

"What about the trucks down here, Sir?" Toby asked anxiously.

The Fat Controller nodded.

"I'm afraid it will mean more work for you, Percy," he said, "but Toby's sideplates make him the only engine who can go up there. You remember what happened to Thomas, don't you?"

And with that they had to be content.



## Toby's Seaside Holiday

THE Fat Controller first met Toby and Henrietta a long time ago, when he was on holiday in East Anglia. Later, when their line was closed, the Fat Controller heard about what had happened and brought them to Sodor.



Before that Toby had worked at a harbour with several of his brothers. The harbour had been busy, and the engines were kept bustling about, but Toby never really had a chance to exercise his pistons properly until he had his own line to run on.



One day, Toby was resting alone in the Shed at Ffarquhar. Earlier, Percy had been talking about the harbour at Knapford. Toby remembered the old days, when he had worked at a harbour too.

"I'm too old now to dash about like I did then," he thought. "Backwards and forwards all day long between the harbour and the big station, with never any chance of a holiday. But I did go to the seaside once," he remembered. "For a while, at any rate."

His Driver and Fireman had been so excited when they came to work one day.





"We've been promised a trip to the seaside," they said. "What do you mean?" asked Toby.

"There's a seaside village near here," explained the Driver, "where they have a Festival each year. Lots of

people come to it, and one of the organisers thinks it would be a good idea to have a display of engines at the station as an extra attraction. And you, Toby, are to be one of them."

Toby went to the Shed at the Big Station. He was given new paint, a new bell, and his brasswork was polished until his Driver could see himself in it.

"You haven't looked so smart for years," he said. "I nearly didn't recognise you!"

They set out for the Junction where the branch line to the village began. As they arrived, a train came in from the branch. The engine was younger than Toby, but he was dirty, his rods clanked, and steam leaked from everywhere.

"The poor engine!" said Toby. "Can I help pull his next train to the seaside, please?"

The Stationmaster agreed, so Toby was coupled in front.

"Festival time is the best time of the year," the other engine explained.



"Lots of extra trains, and visitors. I expect you'll be able to stand on the long carriage siding."

They soon reached the seaside station, where the Stationmaster came out to meet them. He was surprised to see Toby. He stared, frowned, and went away shaking his head.

Next day, Toby was excited. He woke up early and saw the sea sparkling



in the distance. White birds wheeled and swooped overhead, making loud mewing noises.

"I wonder what those birds could be?" thought Toby. "My Driver's sure to know. I'll ask him when he gets here."

But his crew arrived looking glum.

"It's all off, Toby," his Driver told him. "They say there's nowhere for you to stand."

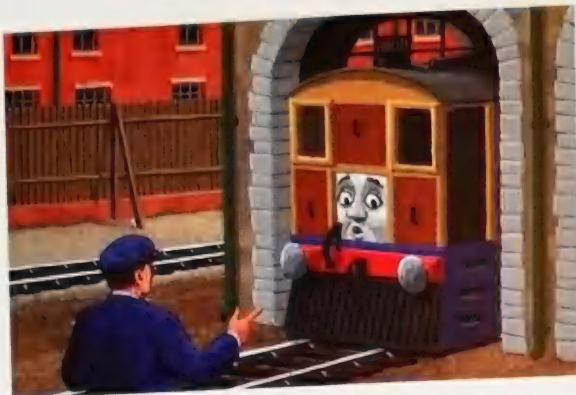
"But what's wrong with here?" wailed Toby. "I'm not in anybody's way where I am at the moment!"

"It's just an excuse, I reckon," said Toby's Driver, lowering his voice. "The real trouble is, you're too smart, Toby – they're afraid you'll show their branch line up!"

Just then a door banged. Toby jumped.







"Wake up, Toby," smiled his Driver. "Time to get back to work."

Toby sighed as he moved from the Shed.

"Well, I did get to the seaside," he murmured, "even if it wasn't for long."

But I think the Fat Controller would have managed all that Festival business much better."



## **Bulstrode**



A few days later Percy was shunting in the Yard at Ffarquhar when the Stationmaster came up.

"Leave those trucks please, Percy," he said. "There's an emergency down at the Harbour – the Fat Controller

wants you to go and sort it out straight away."

"But Toby can't . . ." began Percy.

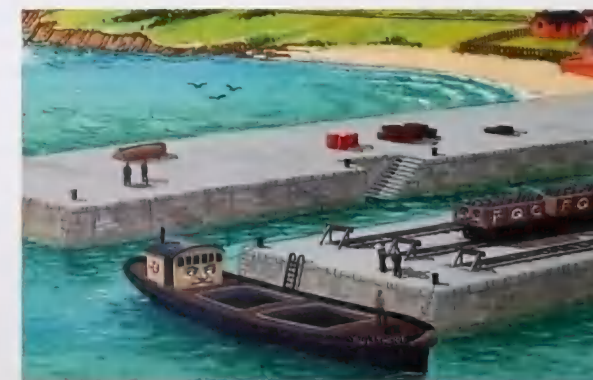
"Never mind that," the Stationmaster said. "The Fat Controller needs you double quick. Leave us to worry about the shunting."

He hurried away to make the arrangements.

Bulstrode was a barge, used for carrying stone. He was a disagreeable barge: nothing was ever right for him, and he grumbled unceasingly. Trucks grumble too, but they weren't a patch on Bulstrode.

"Come on, come on," shouted Bulstrode rudely one morning. "Why aren't you trucks where you should be? How can I be loaded if you dawdle about up there, eh?"

"There's no engine, and we can only go where we're put," retorted the trucks crossly. "You're in the wrong place, not us."







They argued for some time, but it made no difference. Bulstrode *was* in the wrong place, and he was not due to leave until the next day, but he wasn't going to let a little thing like that stop him complaining.

When Percy arrived, Bulstrode was sulking and the trucks were annoyed with him.

"Our stone is for Bulstrode," they said. "Please put us into the siding so that we can load him up and be rid of him as soon as possible."

The line slopes down to the Harbour. Percy pulled the trucks a little way up the hill, clear of the points. As he stopped, one of the trucks' brakes slipped on. When Percy began to push, the trucks started with a jerk, and a coupling broke. Four loose trucks, heavy with stone, gathered speed.

"Help, help!" they wailed.

A shunter bravely tried to stop them, but only broke his pole. The trucks rattled along the quay, straight towards Bulstrode, unsuspecting, at the end.

Bulstrode heard a rattle and a shout or two, but he could see nothing. The first he knew of anything wrong was when four loaded stone trucks shot, one by one, off the end of the quay to bury themselves in his hold.



"Oooooof!" he exclaimed, but anything else was lost in a gurgle as the trucks burst a hole in his hull and water began to pour in.



Bulstrode experienced an awful sinking feeling.

"Save me!" he spluttered. "I'm drowning."

But Bulstrode didn't drown. As chance would have it, the tide was out, so he did not go right under the water.

The trucks were upset at losing some of their friends, but were very little bothered about Bulstrode.

"Nothing but a nuisance, he was," they said to each other, "always barging in and moaning about not being loaded fast enough."

They sniggered.

"This time he got his load faster than he bargained for – serves him right if you ask us."

Percy was kept busy for some time afterwards, clearing up the mess. When the remains of the trucks had been lifted out of the water he took them to the scrapyard while workmen rescued what stone they could.

As for Bulstrode, when everything else had been cleared, his remains were towed to a nearby beach where they could do no harm.







Now children play happily among the wreckage: if Bulstrode is still grumbling, as I expect he is, the children take no notice.



## ***Toby Takes the Road***

WHILE Percy was away, Terence had done all the shunting in the Yard.

"Adaptable," he boasted. "That's what my Owner says I am – go anywhere, do anything, that's me. You take my advice and scrap your rails. Broaden your outlook, like me."

"Pooh!" said Percy. "Me, plough a field! I prefer to stay on my rails, thank you."

"Steam engines really did plough, once upon a time," Terence chuckled. "And ran on roads."

The engines remembered Trevor, and had to admit that Terence was right about that.

Repairs to Mavis took longer than expected, and Toby became used to trundling off to the Quarry each morning.



Because of Toby's small watertank, his Driver and Fireman had arranged with the Quarry Manager that they should bring loaded trucks down to Ffarquhar at lunchtime instead of later in the day. This saved time too,





for Toby would otherwise have needed an extra journey to fill his watertank. This way, he delivered the trucks and got water in one visit.



Time passed, and the weather became colder, with hard frosts during the night. They didn't worry Toby. His fire kept him nice and warm, and he puffed happily to and fro, arranging the trucks, taking them down to the Yard and bringing back empty ones.

One night it was especially

cold. The ground froze, and even Toby felt chilly.

"Brrrr!" he shivered as he left the Shed and set out along the line towards the Quarry.

When the ground freezes it swells. At the road crossing where Mavis had had her accident, the frost had swollen the earth in the ruts beside the rails so much that Toby's wheels were lifted off the track. There was a crunching noise, a rumbling, and Toby began to shudder. He was horrified.



"Oooer!" he exclaimed. "What's happening?"

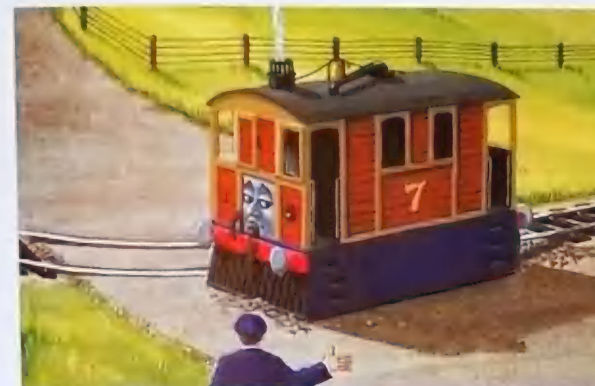
The line here curves away towards the Quarry, but Toby, with no rails to guide his wheels round, simply went straight on.

Toby was not going fast.



"Whoa there, Toby," said his Driver at once, and put on the brakes as hard as he dared. Shakily Toby stopped with all six wheels firmly on the roadway.

"Oh dear," he said, looking at the grass verge in front of him. "Now what do we do?"



His Fireman jumped down.

"No problem," he said.

"With care we can have you back on the rails in no time."

"I don't see how," said Toby sadly.

Directed by the Fireman, the Driver carefully reversed

Toby along the ruts his wheels had just made. At last, with a thud and a jolt, Toby felt the rails safely beneath his wheels once more.

He heaved a sigh of relief.

"Well done, Toby," said his Fireman. "I'll spread a few hot ashes from your fire along there so that it doesn't happen again. Then we can get safely up to the Quarry, and no one will be any the wiser."

But they reckoned without the Fat Controller. When Mavis was home after being mended he came to see the engines.

"What's this I hear, Toby?" he asked. "Trying to be a traction engine, were you?"







much more comfortable for a Tram Engine like you."

Toby was quick to agree.

Toby blushed, but the Fat Controller wasn't cross. Toby told him about Terence.

The Fat Controller laughed.

"If I were you," he said, "I should leave the roads to what they were made for. You stay on the rails – you'll find them

THE RAILWAY SERIES NO. 33

## Thomas and the Twins



CHRISTOPHER AWDRY

with illustrations by  
CLIVE SPONG

### FOREWORD

DEAR FRIENDS,

Bill and Ben keep asking if they can be in a book again. Well, in Cornwall during 1988, I met Bill and Ben's twins and talked to the Driver of one of them at Par. He set me thinking, and this is the result: if our china clay twins enjoy being in a book again, they should thank him not me. I hope you will enjoy the stories too.

THE AUTHOR





## Scrambled Eggs



Thomas looked anxious.

"Would you like to go and help Edward?" suggested the Fat Controller.

"Can Annie and Clarabel come?" asked Thomas.

The Fat Controller shook his head.

"They'll be needed here, I'm afraid," he said. "Daisy can't carry all your passengers on her own."

Percy promised to look after Annie and Clarabel, but they were sorry to see Thomas go.

To cheer Thomas up, Edward took him to see Bill and Ben, the twin engines who lived at the china clay harbour.

"Oh dear, not another blue engine," said Bill cheekily.

"First Edward, then Donald and Douglas and now . . ."

"Don't forget Gordon," interrupted Ben.



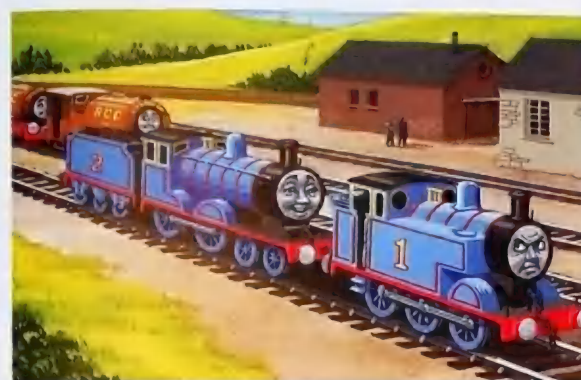
"THE bridge across the river needs repair," the Fat Controller told the engines. "I shall have to make a weight limit across it for a while. Percy and Daisy will be all right, and Toby too, but Thomas is too heavy . . ."



"He came here once, by mistake, so he said. I don't think he enjoyed it much," he added innocently.

The twins both chuckled, remembering.

"No, but seriously Edward," said Bill, "why doesn't the Fat Controller



paint engines a proper colour – like us, for instance?"

Thomas let off steam indignantly.

"Let me tell you . . ." he began.

"All right, you two," laughed Edward. "Go and

move those trucks, or there won't be room for any more."

Bill and Ben, unabashed, went off happily.

"You just don't have to take them too seriously," explained Edward.

Thomas smiled ruefully.

"I wish I knew how you deal with them," he said.

Near the harbour the line crossed a lane. The crossing had no gates. The lane led to a farm which supplied food to the shops in the town.

One morning, the farmer had difficulty starting his lorry. He did it at last, but the lorry jerked along in fits and starts. The farmer was worried about his load of milk and butter and eggs.







"That milk'll be churned to butter soon," he muttered to himself as he neared the level crossing.

The lorry lurched across the rails. The back wheels were just clear when its engine made a noise like a tired sheep and stopped. The back of the lorry was still jutting out over the railway line.



The farmer struggled to start it again, but it would not go. He had just got down to telephone for help when he heard a train approaching.

Thomas wasn't going fast. When he saw the lorry he set his brakes hard, but he

couldn't stop. He hit the lorry with a loud crash.

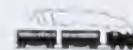
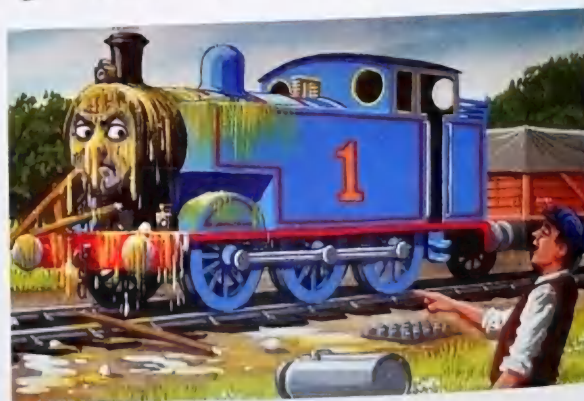
The force of the blow spun the lorry around. Splintered wood flew everywhere and eggs, butter and milk were catapulted over Thomas.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed, and stopped.

"Look at my poor old lorry," said the farmer, coming out from behind the hedge where he had been sheltering. "What a way to make an omelette."

The Driver made sure Thomas wasn't hurt, then stood back and surveyed the mess. He began to laugh.

"It's not funny," said Thomas crossly. An egg yolk trickled down his nose, and burst on his buffer.



"You're not standing where I am," said his Driver. "You look just like a scrambled egg, Thomas."

"If a scrambled egg feels as sticky and wet as I do, then it's very uncomfortable," said Thomas. "Please clean me."

Both his Driver and his Fireman tried hard, but the heat of Thomas's boiler had cooked the eggs, and they were stuck.

"Sorry, Thomas," said his Driver at last. "We can't block the line any longer. We shall have to go on."

At the end of the line, Thomas was taken to Bill and Ben's yard to be cleaned. The twins were there.

"What's this?" asked Ben.

"Must be a new engine," said Bill.

Ben inspected the arrival.

"No, Bill," he said. "That's not a new engine. It's Thomas."

"But it's our colour, Ben, and Thomas doesn't think our colour is proper for an engine."

They heard a grinding noise.

"Are your joints stiff, Bill?" asked Ben.

But it wasn't Bill's joints – it was Thomas, gnashing his teeth.







## What a Picture!

It took a long time to clean Thomas properly, and the Twins kept teasing him until Edward told them to stop.

"A party of railway enthusiasts is coming soon," he said. "I shan't bring them unless you behave."

Bill and Ben were excited. Enthusiasts always made a fuss of them and took their photographs.

"When?" they squeaked.

Edward smiled, and winked at Thomas.

"Next week," he said, "but not if you don't behave."

Bill and Ben promised that they would.

"It is next week?" they asked Thomas each morning.

Thomas enjoyed keeping the twins in suspense: "Next week never comes," he would answer mysteriously.



Bill and Ben weren't worried; they kept urging their crews to polish them.

"What's the hurry?" the men laughed. "Those enthusiasts aren't going to eat their breakfasts off you, you know."



"No," Bill whispered, "but they might if we were Thomas."

The Twins thought this a huge joke. It was lucky that Edward and Thomas weren't there to hear it.

At last the day came, and the Drivers and Firemen agreed to give the engines an extra polish. They were sparkling when Thomas arrived with the special train.

Many of the enthusiasts had notebooks, and almost all had cameras. Bill and Ben didn't know which way to look, but they loved all the attention they were getting.



Then the visitors queued up for a ride in either Bill or Ben's cab. Their cabs were low, and several visitors forgot to duck, but they didn't seem to mind.

The enthusiasts' visit was almost over when a shunter came running up with a message.

"A ship needs moving before the tide goes down," he said. "One of you see to it, please." Ben went at once, and most of the visitors went too, to watch.

Only one man stayed. He had a camera which took 'instant' pictures.

"Just one more," he kept saying. Even Bill tired of him.







The photographer screwed his camera to a tripod and pointed it at Bill.

"This is it," he chortled. "What a picture."

Ben's Fireman ran up.

"Ben needs help," he said. "The ship's going aground, and he can't move

it on his own."

"Right, Bill," said his Driver.

"We can't wait any longer."

He turned a tap, and with a hiss and a roar Bill vanished in a cloud of steam. At that moment, the photographer pressed the button.



When the steam cleared, Bill was hurrying off to help his twin.

The photographer peeled the cover from his instant picture, looked at it and threw it down in disgust.

Quickly the engines were coupled together.

"When I say heave, heave," instructed Ben. "One, two, three, HEAVE!"

"Come on, come on," puffed the engines. The cable tightened and stretched.

At last, with a shudder, the ship slid off the mud.

Towed by the engines, it glided out into the deeper water of the harbour.

Bill's Driver found the discarded photograph on the ground by the rails.



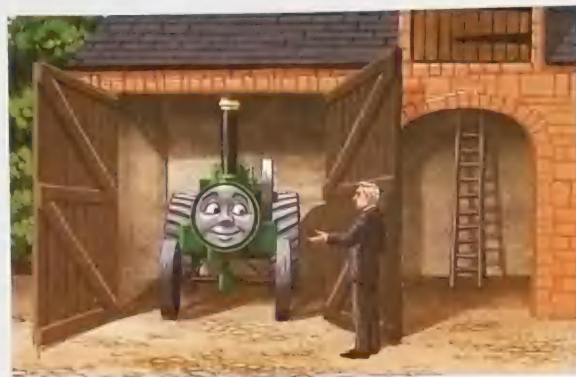
All it showed was a cloud of steam, with, very dimly, Bill's funnel at the top. He showed it to Bill.

"What a picture!" remarked Bill, to no one in particular.





## Trevor Helps Out



TREVOR the Traction Engine was feeling depressed. He couldn't breathe properly.

"Your boiler needs fixing," said his owner, the Vicar, "but I can't afford it at present."

One morning the Vicarage telephone rang. The Vicar

answered it, then hurried out to see Trevor.

"You may be a bit under the weather, but you can manage this," he said. "The farmer has a tree down and wants you to saw it up for him."

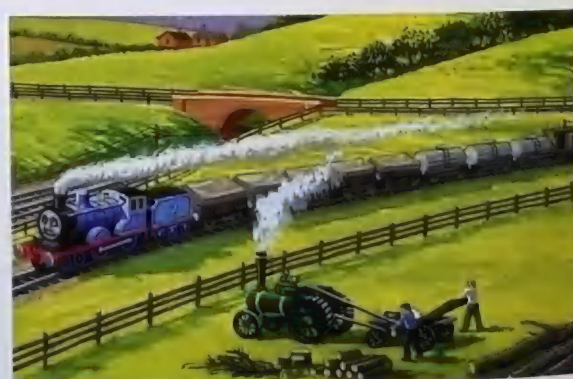
When Trevor had steam, they went to the farm and set to work in a field near the railway.

Thomas passed by with Edward's coaches. He whistled cheerfully. Edward liked trucks, and had been delighted to let Thomas have his coaches for a while.

When Edward passed later that morning, he was pulling trucks with a sort of tent over them. These were specially for carrying china clay – the men called them 'hoods'.

"Why 'hoods'?" Thomas had asked Bill and Ben.

"The hoods are those things like tents," explained Bill.



"They keep the clay dry," added Ben. "Wet clay goes in tanks."

But to Trevor they were simply trucks. He was enjoying himself – the only thing he liked better than sawing logs was giving rides to children. He chuntered happily as the pile of logs beside him grew.

Edward returned with some empty trucks. As he passed the place where Trevor was working, the line seemed to wobble under him.

"That feels like a loose rail," he thought. "We'd better tell the maintenance people."

At the Harbour Edward exchanged the empty trucks for full ones and set off for the Junction again.

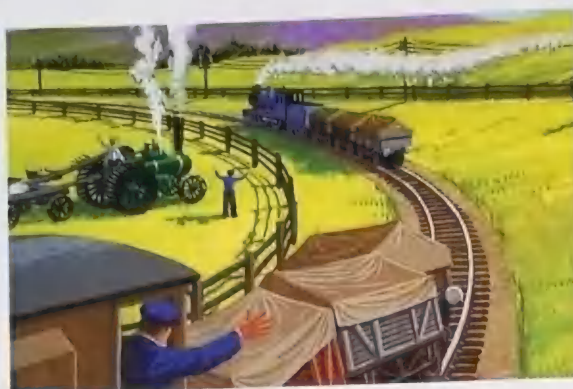


Trevor dozed. The wind had dropped, and it was comfortable in the autumn sunshine. It seemed no time at all before he heard Edward coming back.

Trevor whistled a cheerful greeting. He was watching Edward, and so did not see one of the trucks, six from the end, sink, jump and shudder, at just the spot where Edward had felt a weakness in the line that morning.

Sparks flew, a truck wheel jammed and a coupling broke. The last six trucks and the Guard's van lurched, bumped and stopped.





The Guard, safe in his van, blew his whistle. Edward, far in front, didn't hear it, and hurried on without realising what had happened.

But Trevor was closer to the Guard's van than Edward. He heard the whistle, and looked

back to see the trucks lying at strange angles.

"Peep pip pip peeeeeep, peep pip pip peeeep!" he whistled in horror. "Stop, Edward, stop!"

Edward heard that.

"It's Trevor!" he cried anxiously. "What's wrong?"

"We'd better stop and see," said his Driver.

The Fireman climbed on to the tender.

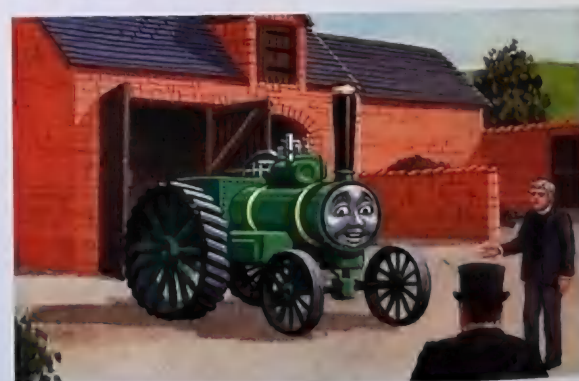
"Phew!" he exclaimed. "Look – it's not Trevor, it's us!"

The Guard went to protect the train, the Fireman went to the farmhouse to telephone for help, and the breakdown gang soon cleared the line. That evening the Fat Controller came to see Trevor.

"Thank you, Trevor," he said. "I've heard about your boiler, and because you saved a nasty situation, you're to go to my Works to be mended. Would you like that?"

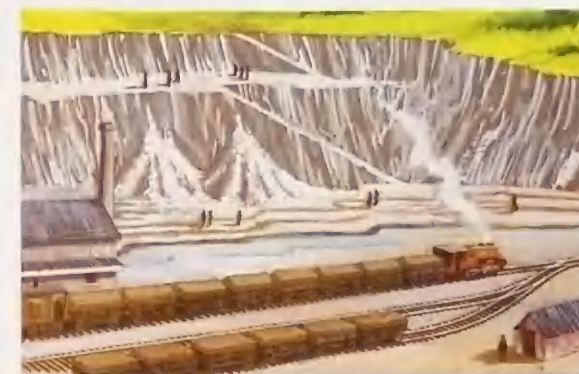
"Oh, Sir," said Trevor.

"Thank you."



## Down the Drain

CHINA clay is not quarried, as other minerals are – it is washed out of the ground with strong hoses. Then the mixture of clay and water has to settle and be dried before Bill and Ben can take it away.



Part of the line which the Twins use to reach the china clay workings runs near the sea. There is a hollow in the land just here which often floods after heavy rain. Local people called this hollow the 'Drain'.

The autumn gales which had brought down the farmer's tree for Trevor to cut up were also causing rough seas and high tides. When rain came too, the engine crews looked gloomy.



"A really high tide now," said Ben's Driver, "could make real trouble at the 'Drain'."

But though pools of water lay on either side of the line, they grew no larger. Bill and Ben puffed happily to and fro,

replacing loaded 'hoods' with empty ones. They forgot about the 'Drain'.

Then the rain began again, and the wind strengthened. As the engines went to the claypits that morning their Drivers noticed that the water





in the 'Drain' was rising.

While Bill arranged the empty trucks, Ben prepared to leave with a train of full ones. At the 'Drain' he found that the water was level with the top of the rails.

"Come on," said Ben

bravely. "We must get through, if only to get help for Bill."

"Go back, go back," the wind seemed to shriek.

Ben took no notice. He was halfway over when the rising tide, whipped into a huge wave by the wind, swept across the line.

"Oof!" spluttered Ben as water crashed against his side. "Help!"

With a hiss the water reached his fire.

"Quick, Ben," urged his Driver, but it was too late. With a despairing gasp Ben stopped. He was stranded in the middle of the 'Drain', with seawater lapping his wheels.



The Fireman set off to find help.

"Keep on the sleepers," advised the Driver. "We don't want you swamped as well."

The water reached the Fireman's waist, but he struggled on. At last, cold and soaking, he reached the Yard. Thomas was there, wondering where his trucks were.



His Driver wasted no time.

"Ben must be rescued," he said. "We need a steel cable, a pair of waders and some determination."

"Yes," said Thomas doubtfully. He understood the cable, but he wasn't sure about determination and didn't even know what waders were.

Thomas stopped at the water's edge. His Fireman put on the waders, and set out, carrying the end of the cable.

Ben was delighted to see him. The Fireman fastened the cable-end to Ben's front coupling. Then he uncoupled the trucks, so that Bill, who had come up behind, could pull them clear.

"Right," he said as he joined Ben's Driver in the cab. "Let's go."

Poor Ben had no steam left to whistle, so the Driver and Fireman waved to show Thomas they were ready.

Carefully Thomas took the strain.

Slowly, with water cascading all round him, Ben came out of the 'Drain'.



Once he was clear, Thomas was properly coupled to him, and helped him back to his Shed.

"Thank you Thomas," said Ben gratefully, and his eyes twinkled for the first time in several hours.



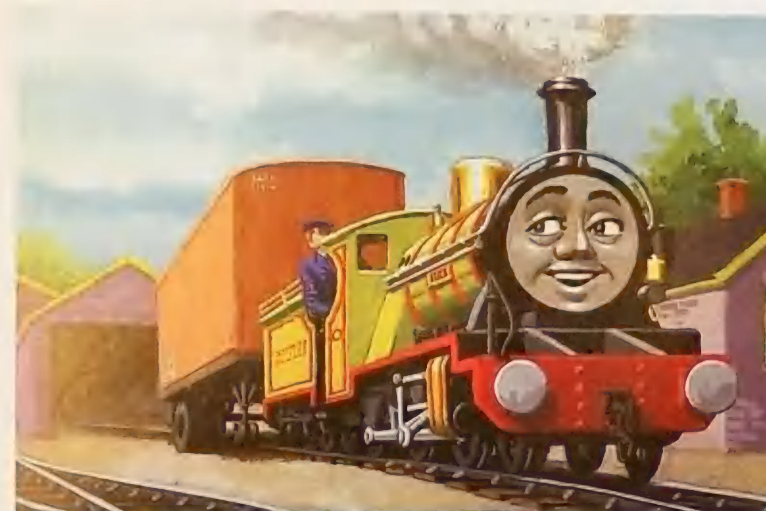


It was four days before the water in the 'Drain' subsided. When Bill reached home, both twins agreed that it would be ungrateful of them ever to tease Thomas again.



THE RAILWAY SERIES NO. 31

## ***Jock the New Engine***



CHRISTOPHER AWDRY

with illustrations by  
CLIVE SPONG

### FOREWORD

DEAR FRIENDS,

The Arlesdale Railway is a narrow-gauge line which runs inland along a beautiful valley. It starts at the terminus of Duck's branch line, and Duck and Oliver bring many visitors. So many, in fact, that Rex, Bert and Mike found that they couldn't carry them all on their own. And that is why Jock was built. I like Jock – I hope you will too.

THE AUTHOR





## We Need Another Engine



REX, Bert and Mike, the Small Railway Engines, were excited. The Thin Clergyman had written a book about them, and today it was going to be published.

"Am I in it?" asked Frank. He was a diesel, and inclined

to be grumpy with the other engines.

The Small Controller shook his head.

"I'm sorry," he said. "You weren't here when the Thin Clergyman wrote it, I'm afraid, so he didn't know about you."

Frank was cross. When his Driver came to start him the next day, he refused to go.

"It's not fair," Frank grumbled. "Why can't I be in a book like the others?"

"Cheer up," said his Driver. "It's only a book!"

"It's got pictures, hasn't it," muttered Frank. "I'm not in them either, I suppose."

"Come on, Frank," said his Driver, losing patience. "It's teamwork that counts on a railway, not books." He pressed the starter button again.

"Don't care," growled Frank, and started suddenly.



He jerked forward. Before his Driver could stop him, Frank hit the wall at the back of the shed.

Frank was unhurt, but one of the shed supports was cracked. He was sorry at once, and even sorrier when he realised that the Small Controller had just come into the shed. The Small Controller was cross, and ordered Frank out to work while he made sure that the shed was safe.



That afternoon, Rex left the bottom station with a heavy train. As they climbed the first hill, his Driver watched the steam gauge anxiously.

"We've got a steam leak somewhere," he said.



They stopped in a loop to let Mike pass. That helped, but Rex was exhausted when they reached the Green. He hardly noticed Frank, working in the siding.

"I think we can make it to the top," urged his Driver.

But they didn't. They had to stop in the next loop, and the Driver switched on his radio-telephone. Engines on the Small Railway are now fitted with radio-telephones. Their Drivers can talk to Control, who can then make sure that the trains run safely.

"Rex's steampipe is leaking badly," reported the Driver to Control.





"We're all right on our own, but the train is too much for us. Can you help, please?"

"We'll get you out somehow," said Control. "Don't go away."



"Very funny," muttered Rex.  
"Chance would be a fine thing."

"Overworked, that's what we are," Bert sympathised, as he passed with a down train.

"We need another engine."

About ten minutes later  
Rex heard a cheerful toot from

behind, and Frank rumbled through the loop.

"Wonderful things, these radios," said Frank. "Control says you need help, so I'm to take the train and let you go home alone. Teamwork, my Driver calls it."

Frank ran ahead and Rex was uncoupled and backed into the loop. Frank reversed on to the train, and, when everything was ready, set off for the top station.

Rex hurried home, and his Driver set to work to mend the broken steampipe. The job took a long time.

"If only we had a spare engine," grumbled the Driver.

At the top station Frank's Driver apologised to the passengers for being late, but they didn't mind.



"You put things right very well," they said. "We were expecting a walk home."

The Small Controller was pleased too.

"Well done, Frank," he said. "And the shed is not badly damaged either, so we'll say no more about it."

But he was thoughtful as he went back to his office.

"Frank shouldn't have to do rescue acts," he said to himself. "We *do* need another engine."







## Sticking-Power

THE holiday season was drawing to a close. It had been a busy year, and Bert was feeling unwell.

Rex and Mike were unsympathetic.



"Poor old Bert," they said to each other. "What a shame he's out of puff. No stamina, these youngsters. What you need, Bert," Mike went on, "is determination and sticking-power."

"Sticking-power be blown.

I might have known I'd get no sympathy from you two," grumbled Bert.

"I can't get my breath properly," Bert complained to his fitter.

"You need new tubes," the fitter said, "but we can't spare you at present. Keep going, and we'll give you a new set during the winter." He paused and looked over his shoulder. "Keep it under your dome," he said quietly, "but I did hear rumours about a new engine. We need one, because if any of you three failed we'd really be in trouble."

He gave Bert's tubes a good clean. This helped a little, but Bert soon felt poorly again.

Bert did his best, and one afternoon he reached the top station feeling very pleased



with himself. His train was full, yet he had lost only a few minutes on the journey.

His Driver put him onto the turntable and he ran eagerly round his coaches.

"That gives me time for a good breather before we go down again," he said to himself.

He simmered happily as he waited for the Guard to blow his whistle and wave his green flag.

There was a hill near the station. Bert knew that once he was over it he could run home without losing time.



At last the Guard waved his flag.

"Come on," puffed Bert. "Come on, come on, come . . . Oh!" Suddenly there was a jerk and everything seemed easy. Bert's Driver looked back.

"Whoa," he groaned. "Back we go! We've left our train behind."

The Guard met them.

"The tender coupling's broken," he said. "We'll just have to stick around until someone can bring up a spare."

"Stick around!" grumbled Bert crossly. "I know what Rex and Mike will say about sticking!"







His Driver looked at him.  
"Hey!" he exclaimed.

"You've given me an idea."

He disappeared into the station shop, and returned carrying a small box.

"Glue," he explained. "It's supposed to stick anything."

"Even trains?" snorted Bert disbelievingly. His Driver ignored him and set to work.

"Now I've heard everything," muttered Bert. Then an idea came to him, and he smiled.

"That'll stop their teasing," he said to himself.

At last the job was done.

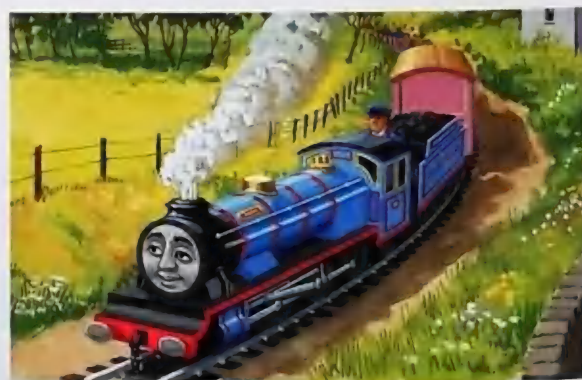
"There's no hurry," said Bert's Driver. "We'll take it steadily and make sure the passengers get home. The Guard has told them what has happened, and they say they don't mind being late."

The hill near the station was the difficult part. Gently, carefully, Bert eased the train over it. After that, though he took care, it was with growing confidence that he trundled the train home.

The passengers all gave him three cheers.

When Rex and Mike came into the shed that evening they looked tired.

"Phew!" remarked Mike.



"Thank goodness we're not as busy as that every day."

Bert grinned.

"Sorry you're tired," he said brightly. "I thought you older engines had sticking-power. What you need is . . ." and he told them about his adventure with the glue.

"So that's sticking-power," he finished. "Never mind – some of us have it and some of us don't. Goodnight." And he went happily to sleep.







## Jock



"Do you know what I think?" asked Bert one evening, soon after the next season began.

"News to me that you could, Bert," said Mike cheekily.

"I suppose it would be,"

retorted the blue engine, "never having done any thinking yourself."

Rex chuckled, and he and Mike waited.

"Well, go on," prompted Mike at last. "Aren't you going to impress us with your thoughts after all?" He winked at Rex.

"Something," Bert announced, "is going on in the workshop."

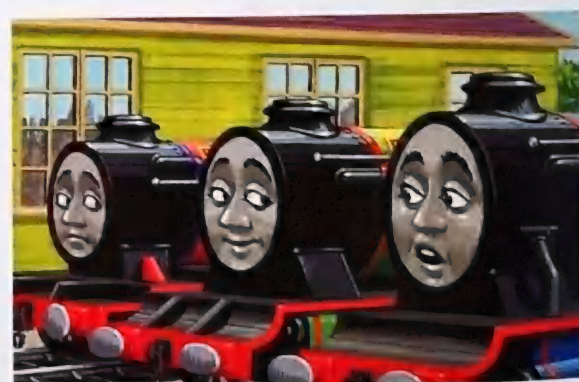
"Work?" suggested Rex innocently.

Bert took no notice.

"I think," went on Bert, "that the men are building something. I was waiting at the platform yesterday and the workshop door was open. I couldn't see much, but there was something on the floor inside. It looked like a boiler."

"Is that all?" said Rex. He sounded disappointed.

"Probably a spare for one of us," said Mike.

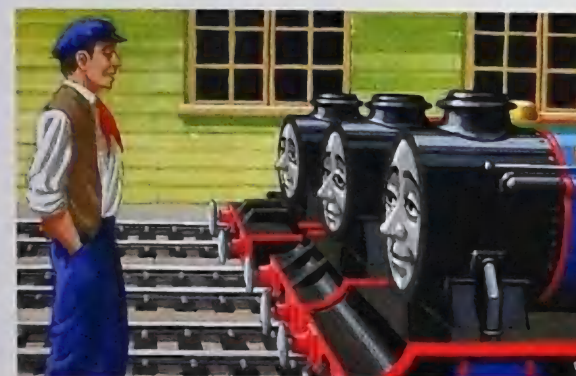


"I don't think so," argued Bert. "There were wheels as well. What I think . . ." – he paused dramatically – ". . . is that they're building a new engine."

"My fitter said he'd heard a rumour," added Bert.

Three Small Engines looked hopefully at each other.

"About time, too," said Rex.



"What's the new engine's name?" Mike asked his Driver the next morning.

"How did you know about the new engine?" the Driver asked. "It's supposed to be a secret."

They told him.

"I don't think the Small Controller has chosen a name yet," he said, and laughed. "When he does I'll let you know."

But a few weeks later, when the new engine came out of the workshop for tests, the Small Controller had still not decided on a name.

"How odd," remarked Mike, looking with interest at the new engine's square windows and square-topped dome.

"And what a funny colour," put in Rex.

"No, it's not," said Bert.

"I like it."

The new engine smiled.

"So do I," he said. "My Driver says it will be different in the end – this is something







he calls an undercoat."

Douglas and Duck came to look too. Douglas had just brought some empty ballast trucks along the branch line: he and Duck watched with interest as the new engine was put through his paces.

"He puts me in mind of ma days in Scotland," Douglas remarked. "Some o' the engines up in the Highlands were yon colour. Jocks, we used to call them."

"Jocks?" asked the new engine, stopping nearby.

"Aye," agreed Douglas. "No' a bad name for yoursel', eh, Jock?"

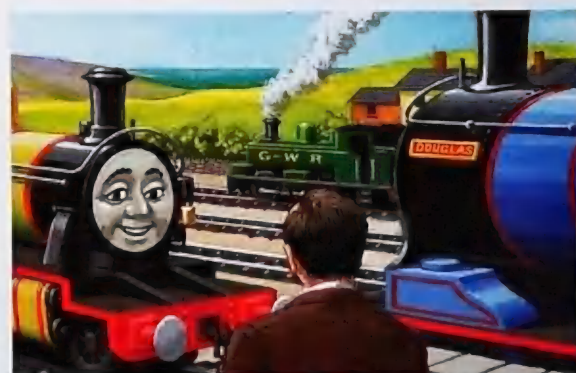
The Small Controller was delighted.

"Well done, Douglas," he said, and turned to the new engine. "What do you think?" he asked. "It means you'd have to keep your colour too, to give the name some point. Would you mind?"

"Not a bit, Sir," said the new engine. "I like the colour, and the name would suit me fine."

"Excellent," said the Small Controller. That's settled then. Thank you, Douglas – a splendid idea."

And Douglas puffed away, well satisfied with his morning's work.



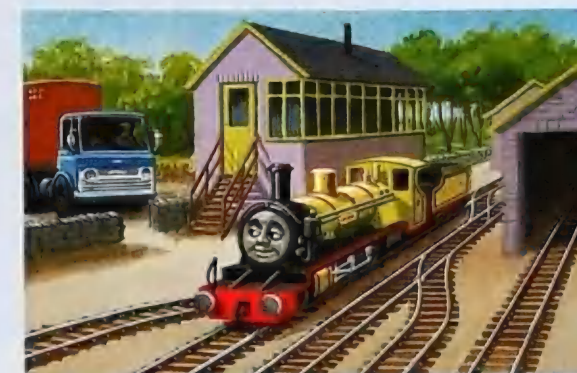
## Teamwork

ALL the tests on Jock went without a hitch, and when the holiday months came, the new engine had already proved his value. He was stronger than the others, and people even came to the railway especially to see him. Unfortunately this went to his smokebox, and he became rather cocky.

One day Jock was alone at the bottom station. A container of sleepers arrived, but the lorry could not get into the yard.

"Now what?" demanded the lorry driver, scratching his head.

"No problem," said the Small Controller. "Just arrange the trailer astride the rails, and leave it. Jock will do the rest."



A cable was fastened between Jock's tender and the trailer, and, puffing hard, Jock pulled the trailer into the Yard.

"Road or rail, what do I care," Jock boasted in the shed that night. The engines looked at each other in dismay.

Next day, Mike was waiting at the platform to take a train up the line, when he saw Jock backing down towards him.

"What's this?" he asked as Jock was coupled on. "I can manage."





"The Small Controller wants me to help," said Jock importantly. "The party on the train has asked to see me specially."

"Oh has it?" said Mike. "Well, make sure you don't leave me to push you as well as pull the train."

That gave Mike an idea. He whispered to his Driver, who grinned and nodded.

"We'll do it after the Green," he said.

So when they restarted from the Green, he gradually cut off steam . . .

Now the whole weight of the train, with Mike as well, pulled on Jock's coupling. Smoke and steam shot high in the air as he had to work extra hard to keep moving.



Jock's Driver glanced back. When he saw Mike grinning he realised what was going on.

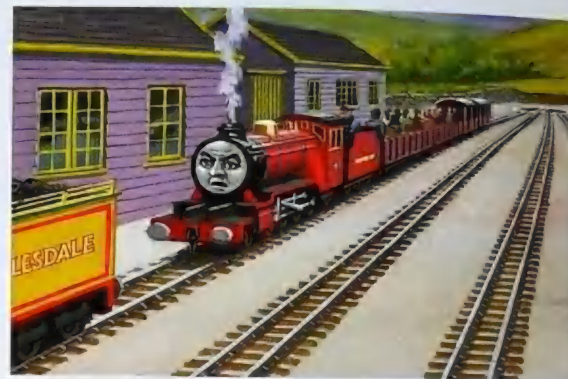
"Feeling tired, Mike?" asked Jock at the top station.

"You were enjoying yourself," Mike grinned. "I didn't want to spoil your fun."

"Ah," said Jock. "I wondered if perhaps I was going too fast for you . . ."

"Too fast!" spluttered Mike. "You wait!"

But Jock didn't wait. He chuckled, and ran quickly away so that Mike could have his turn on the 'table'.



Mike was still cross when it was time to leave, and started at a great pace.

"Steady," said his Driver.

"We're not racing anyone."

"That's what you think," muttered Mike.

They stopped at the Green.

Mike's Driver tried to let water into the boiler, but the injector wouldn't work.

"Ouch," squeaked Mike. "Give me a drink quickly, please – I think I'm going to burst."



"Your injector has failed," explained the Driver, turning to his radio-telephone. "Now Jock will have to pull us home."

"What!" spluttered Mike, but there was no other way. Mike's fire was put out, Jock moved to the front of the

train, and in the end little time was lost. Duck, warned by Control, was waiting for any passengers who wanted to go to the Big Station.

Mike went to the shed to be mended and was feeling better by the time the others arrived.

"I'm sorry I made you do all the work this morning," Mike apologised when Jock came in. "Thank you for bringing me home."

"That's all right," said Jock. "I'm sorry too. It's silly trying to get the better of each other. If I hadn't teased you perhaps your injector wouldn't







have failed. It taught me a lesson. On a railway it's teamwork that counts."

The other three Small Engines agreed, and, looking at them, Jock was glad that he was one of the team.

THE RAILWAY SERIES NO. 35

## **Thomas and the Great Railway Show**



CHRISTOPHER AWDRY

with illustrations by  
CLIVE SPONG

### **FOREWORD**

DEAR FRIENDS,

Henry, Gordon and James have been grumpy lately. They were jealous because Thomas had been asked to visit the National Railway Museum in York. The Fat Controller was afraid that they would go on strike, but they didn't.

"If Thomas wants to be a museum-piece," they said to each other, "what's that to do with us?"

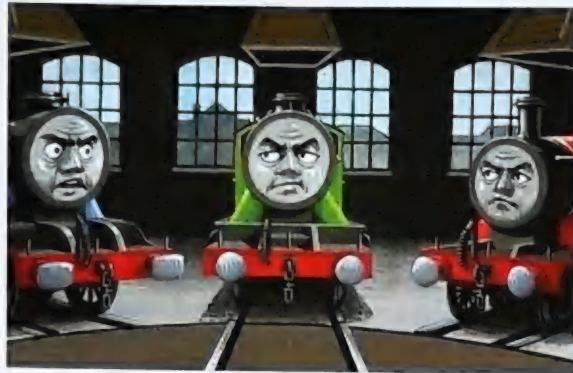
Meanwhile Thomas was enjoying himself. I hope you will enjoy reading about how he did so.

THE AUTHOR





## Museum-Piece



"I don't believe it," muttered Gordon furiously. "What's Thomas got that an important engine like me hasn't, tell me that? Gallivanting off to museums – bah!"

"He is old," said James. "If the Fat Controller says he can

be a museum-piece, why should we worry?"

"It's not fair, though," grumbled Henry. For a chance like this he wouldn't have minded being a museum-piece himself.

The jealous engines all ignored Thomas when they saw him at the Junction. Thomas didn't care – he was too excited.

"Why me?" Thomas asked Percy and Toby. "Fancy the National Railway Museum people at – where is it? – York, wanting me to go there. They've never even seen me."

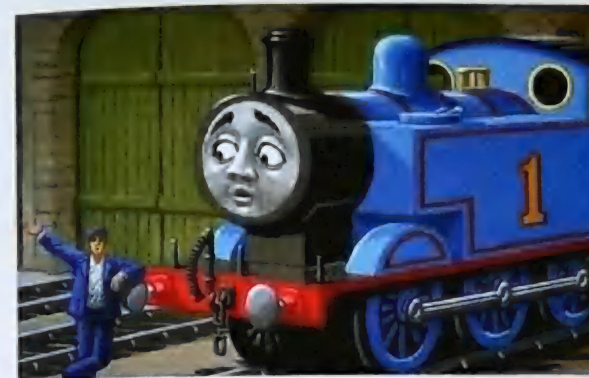
"Yes, they have," said Percy.

"On television," added Toby. "The Fat Controller told us about it."

He and Percy wanted to go with Thomas, but they knew that someone had to stay and run the branch line while he was away.



"How much longer till we go?" Thomas asked his Driver every morning.



"One day less than when you asked before," laughed his Driver. "Anyone would think you *wanted* to be a museum-piece."

Thomas grinned.

"Gordon, Henry and James are just jealous," he chuckled.

"Who else is at this museum? Is Flying Scotsman there, or Duck's friend, City of Truro?"

"We shall have to wait and see," said the Fireman. "I'll be very surprised if there isn't someone there you can remember from the old days."

And that, of course, made Thomas more excited than ever.

At last the day came. A large crowd came to the Junction to see Thomas off, and the Fat Controller was there too.

"Goodbye, Thomas," he said. "Enjoy yourself and be a credit to Our Railway."

Everyone gave three cheers, and Thomas set off.

They ran across the Island and over the bridge leading to the Other Railway. It was a slow journey, but at last they reached a place Thomas's Driver called Carnforth, where they rested for the night in a big shed.

Next day, they went on. At Skipton Thomas stopped for a drink

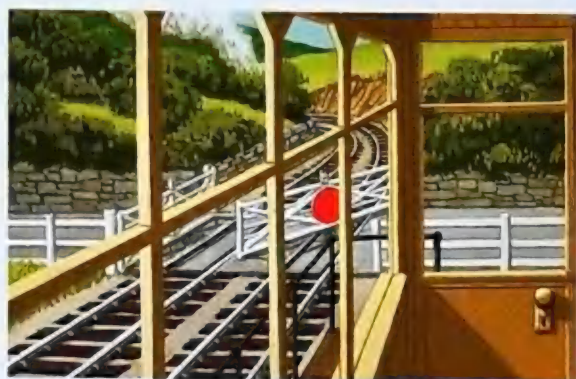






and to let a goods train overtake him. While they waited it began to rain.

In a signalbox a little way ahead the Signalman opened his level-crossing gates for Thomas, and set his signals to 'clear'.



Suddenly he heard a crack and then a rattle from the level-crossing. The lock on a gate had broken, and the wind was swinging the gate across the rails. Steam appeared above the trees as Thomas drew near.

"Wow!" exclaimed the Signalman, and quickly resetting the signal to danger, he ran to mend the gate.

Thomas had never felt happier. His fire was bright, and even the rain didn't depress him. They neared a signal. Its arm was up, showing that the line ahead was clear.

"Away we go, away we go," puffed Thomas happily.

He was just passing the signal when he heard a clang, as the signal arm fell to danger.

"Whoa, Thomas!" cried the Driver, and put the brakes hard on.

"What . . . ?" Thomas began. But then he saw, just ahead, a heavy level-crossing gate swinging towards him across the line. The Signalman tried



to stop it, but the gate was wet, and it slipped out of his hand.

"Oooer," groaned Thomas as he skidded along the rails.

"Help – I must stop!"

But the rain had made the rails slippery, and he couldn't. He slithered helplessly along,

and was still moving when he reached the level-crossing.

With a loud crack, the gate broke against his bufferbeam.

"Ouch," said Thomas, and stopped.

The Signalman ran to his telephone, and then directed Thomas into a siding, where an Inspector examined him. His bufferbeam was bent, and



one of his buffers was broken.

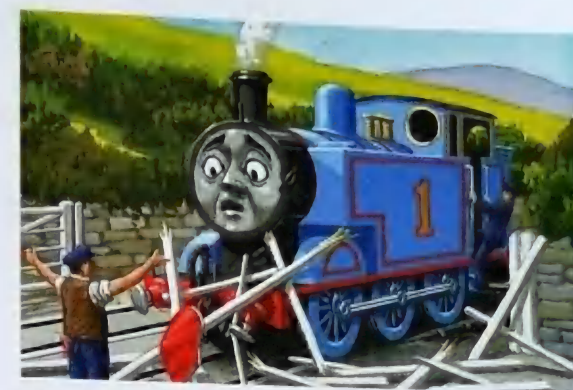
"You can't go on like that," said the Inspector. "Not on the railway, anyhow."

"But I'm supposed to be in York tomorrow," wailed Thomas.

"I know that," said the Inspector. "Never mind –

leave it to me, and I'll see what can be done."

And with that, Thomas had to be content.







## Not the Ticket



THOMAS had to stay in the siding for the rest of the day. His fire went out and he grew colder and colder. The rain fell more heavily, and what had begun as a splendid day began to turn into a disaster.

"I wish I was in my nice

warm shed," he said to himself miserably.

At last the Inspector returned.

"Cheer up, Thomas," he said. "You'll be at the museum tomorrow, and they have promised to mend your front end in their workshop."

"Thank you, Sir," said Thomas, "but if I can't run on rails, how can I get there?"

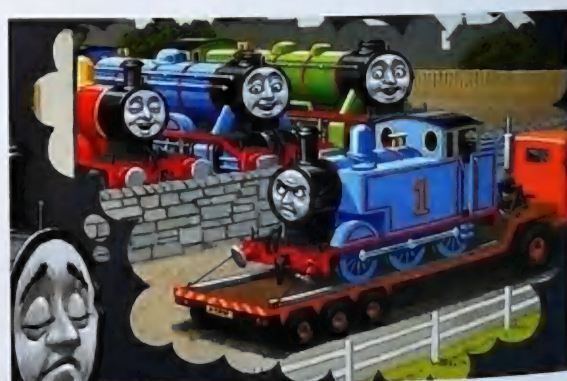
"It's all fixed," replied the Inspector. "A lorry is coming for you tomorrow."

Thomas was horrified.

"A l . . . l . . . lorry?" he stammered.

"That's right," said the Inspector. "It'll be here at eight o'clock sharp."

Thomas slept badly that night. He kept wondering what Gordon, Henry and James would say if they knew he had finished his journey



on a lorry. He almost thought he could hear them laughing.

Next morning, the Driver and Firemen came early. A diesel shunter came to push Thomas out of his siding and along towards the road, where they found the lorry waiting.

A steel cable was fastened to his coupling, the lorry-driver started a winch, and in no time at all, it seemed, Thomas was perched on the lorry.

"How undignified," he thought, but he found as they went along that he had a marvellous view of the countryside *and* time to enjoy it, too.

But Thomas soon began to feel bored. At last, houses began to appear on either side of the road.

"Perhaps this is York," thought Thomas hopefully.

It was, but the Driver was unsure of his way. He parked the lorry and went to find a telephone.



A man wearing a flat-topped cap with a yellow band around it came up to Thomas.

"Hullo," said Thomas.

"Humph!" said the man.

He wrote something in his notebook and went round to the front of the lorry.

When the lorry-driver came back Thomas heard him say something, then slam the cab-door crossly.





them about the man with the flat cap. They laughed loudly.

"How do you do it, Thomas?" spluttered the Driver when he could speak. "That will make the Fat Controller's day – Thomas booked for parking!"

Soon they reached a large building with rails running into it. Thomas was unloaded, and the lorry drove away. Thomas looked about him: he had arrived.

When his Driver and Fireman came, Thomas told



## Trouble on the Line



THE museum people were as good as their word. Thomas went at once into the workshop, where his bufferbeam was soon straightened and a new buffer bolted on.

In the workshop was a green engine like Flying Scotsman, but smaller. He was called Green Arrow.

"My brothers and I were built to run fast goods trains," he said, "but we did it so well that they let us pull expresses too, in the end. Now I'm the only one of my sort left."

Green Arrow was so friendly that when Thomas was mended he was sorry to leave him. But back at the Great Railway Show he was thrilled to see, instead, one of Stepney's brothers, Boxhill, an engine he remembered from the old days.

Thomas was moved to a special position.

"There's no doubt about it," said his Driver. "You're a star attraction."

"Is that being a credit to the Fat Controller?" asked Thomas. He was anxious to make up for the parking ticket.

One morning Thomas's







Driver arrived in great excitement.

"We're to give rides on the demonstration line," he said. Thomas was delighted.

The three demonstration lines were different sizes. One was narrower than Thomas's

and the third was used by a very wide engine called Iron Duke.

"This is 'Broad Gauge'," he explained. "The Great Western Railway used it until about a hundred years ago."

Thomas wondered if Duck knew about 'Broad Gauge'.

"It would be nice to tell him something about the Great Western," he thought.

The engines had to take great care because of the many visitors. Thomas was anxious – some people were not as careful as they should have been.

Thomas had never seen such crowds. "We must watch out," he told his Driver. "What would happen if a child got on to the line?"

"Don't you worry, Thomas," replied the Driver. "There are plenty of good strong barriers, and we'll take care."

But Thomas did worry.

He was afraid that in an emergency he might not be able to stop soon enough.



Next morning, Thomas felt better. The sun was shining and he was looking forward to talking to Iron Duke again.

He chuntered happily backwards and forwards along the demonstration line all day. Then, nearly at closing time, it happened.

Thomas saw something fly through the air and land on the rails in front of him. His Driver saw it too – he put the brakes hard on.

"Peep pip peep peeeep," whistled Thomas in alarm. "I must stop, I must!"



Thomas shuddered to a halt, and a great cloud of steam wheeshed noisily from his cylinder cocks. But he couldn't stop before he hit the bundle. It burst. Sandwiches and crisps flew in all directions, while pop from a broken bottle fizzed over Thomas's wheels.

In the crowd a child, frightened by the steam, cried loudly.

"I want to go home, Mummy, *now!*" screamed the child.

"You noisy great engine," shouted his mother, waving her fist at Thomas.



"I'm going to see the Manager."

"Oh dear," thought Thomas.

"That's not the way to be a credit to the Fat Controller."

"You did very well," his Driver comforted. "What a relief it was only a lunch pack and not a child on the line."





The Fireman was inspecting Thomas.

"Hey, look at this!" he called.

The Driver went to see.

"You damaged your brakes when you stopped suddenly," he told Thomas. "No more work until they're fixed, I'm afraid. Never mind – if the people here today have learned that engines can't stop at once, that's a good thing."

Thomas hoped they had.



## Thomas and the Railtour

THE engines were excited.

There were to be some special railtours to the seaside, and no one knew which engine would be chosen to pull them.

"It ought to be me," observed Mallard. "After all, that seaside place helped to pay for my repairs."

The others thought someone else should have a chance.

Thomas knew he would not be chosen, but he enjoyed listening to the others arguing. He was pleased, in the end, when it was decided to give the trips to Green Arrow.



When Green Arrow returned from the first tour he said he had never seen so many people. Soon there was talk of putting on extra trains, but this was not possible.

"All we can do is add extra coaches," they said. "But then, Green Arrow can't pull a train that heavy all on his own."

"Of course I can," he scoffed. "My brothers and I did, during the War."

"Can I help?" asked Thomas.

The Man in Charge stared.





"I don't see why not," he said.

In the morning Thomas's Fireman arrived early. Thomas's fire was lit, and while the warmth crept through his boiler, the Fireman made sure all his moving parts were well oiled.



Behind, Green Arrow was being prepared too, and when they were both ready, they set off to find their coaches.

The Station platform was jammed with an admiring crowd, which didn't seem to get any smaller even after a trainload of people were in their seats.

Thomas was coupled in front. He was pleased: he liked to see where he was going.



At the seaside station Thomas was turned round so that he could go in front again. After a rest, the engines set off once more.

A ruined abbey stood at a place where the line curved beside a river. A crowd had

gathered to wave and cheer, but Thomas wasn't watching them. Looking ahead, he had seen something strange.

"Peep peep, stop, stop!" he whistled in alarm.

The train was heavy and hard to stop, but they managed it just in time. Now everyone was able to see that, in front of Thomas, the rail near the



river was lower than the one on the other side.

"The water has undermined the embankment," said the Inspector. "I'll go to the signalbox and sort things out."

Buses came for the passengers, but it was late



before the men decided it would be safe to use the other track. Together, the engines pushed the coaches back to a crossover.

On his own, Thomas slowly crept past the landslip. Then, very carefully, Green Arrow pulled the empty coaches by, and together they brought the train back to York.



A few days later, a party of important-looking people came into the museum. One was the Man in Charge, and behind him was . . . the Fat Controller.

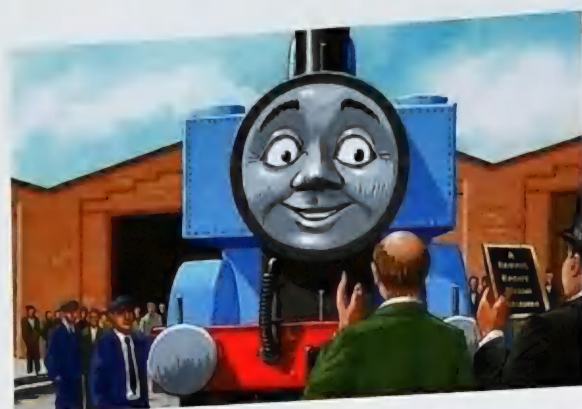
"Oh dear," thought Thomas. "They've come to

take me away for frightening that child."

But the Fat Controller was smiling. The Man in Charge held up his hand for silence.

"Thomas," said the Man in Charge, "Your Controller told us you are a Really Useful Engine. He is right. For saving a nasty accident the other day, we have decided you should become an honorary member of the National





smiled the Fat Controller. "I knew you would be a credit to Our Railway."

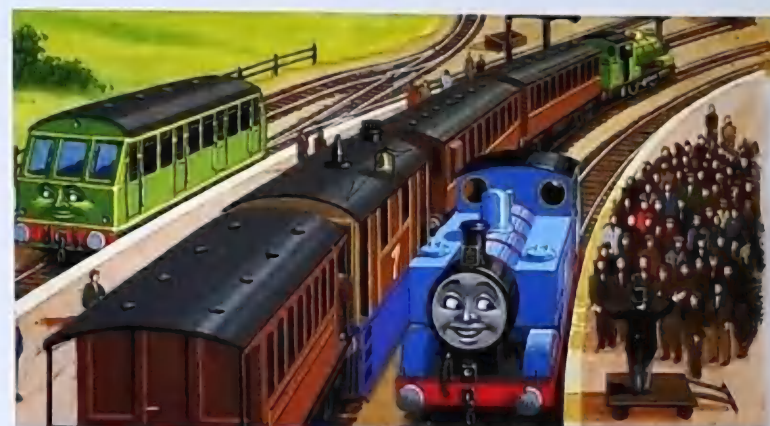
Railway Collection. This special plate will remind you of your visit to us. Ladies and gentlemen, three cheers for Thomas the Tank Engine."

The noise nearly raised the roof.

"Well done, Thomas,"

THE RAILWAY SERIES NO. 36

## Thomas Comes Home



CHRISTOPHER AWDRY

with illustrations by  
CLIVE SPONG

### FOREWORD

DEAR FRIENDS,

Daisy was most upset when she heard that people were saying there were no female engines on the Fat Controller's Railway.

"You must do something about it," she told me indignantly. "There's me and Mavis, and I was in charge while Thomas was away at that Great Railway Show, wasn't I?"

Well, she wasn't really, but would you dare tell her? These stories are about what happened before Thomas came home.

THE AUTHOR





## Snow Problem



WHILE Thomas was away at York, Percy looked after Annie and Clarabel and took most of Thomas's trains. Daisy ran the fast one, which connected with Gordon's express at the Junction. This made her feel very important.

"It shows how the Fat Controller depends on me," she told the others.

Toby was in charge of the goods trains, and ran down to the Harbour. He enjoyed that. His stone trains were dealt with by Mavis, the diesel belonging to the Quarry Company.

One day, snow on the Other Railway had delayed the train from London, so Gordon's express was late too. While Daisy was waiting for him at the Junction, the blizzard spread across Sodor. Huge white flakes whirled all round, and her Driver was worried.

Daisy wasn't.

"What fun," she said to herself. "The other engines don't like snow, but I think it's pretty. And I've got the rails to guide me, so it won't give me any trouble."



Her Driver was less confident.

"Daisy hasn't got the weight that a steam engine has," her Driver told the Guard. "She can't push her way through, and we all know how Thomas got stuck, don't we?"

"He's told us often enough," laughed the Guard.

At last Gordon arrived, complaining about engines who were frightened of a bit of snow.

"It's no problem," boasted Daisy. "A few flimsy flakes can't stop me."

"Quite right," approved Gordon. "Well done. But I'm late – I haven't time to gossip."

He puffed importantly away.

Daisy started confidently, but as they turned towards the valley the sky darkened and then was completely blotted out by whirling snowflakes.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Daisy, as the wind blew them into her face. "I don't like this."



"Neither do I," said her Driver. "I can't see where we're going."

They stopped at the next signalbox and Daisy's Driver went to talk to the Signaller. He came back looking glum.





"There are deep drifts ahead, I'm afraid," he told the passengers. "We can't get through!"

"The Signaller says Daisy must take you back to the last station," he went on. "We'll get you home from there somehow."

"If we're lucky," the passengers said to themselves.

They weren't. Before they had gone far Daisy began to feel ill. She coughed, hiccuped, and stopped.

"Help!" she wheezed. "I can't breathe properly."

"The snow has blocked your air-intake, I expect," said her Driver. He cleared it, but it was soon clogged again. Daisy could go no further: she felt like bursting into tears.

The Driver got down again, and trudged back to the signalbox to telephone for help.

Daisy felt more miserable every minute. Even her Driver, when he came back, couldn't cheer her up.

"They've promised to rescue us," he said, "but goodness knows how they'll do it."

They waited and waited, but no help came. The snow drifted higher, and was soon piled all round Daisy.

Suddenly she heard a whirring noise from behind.



"Oh no!" she thought.  
"Not another blizzard!"

Daisy was right. It wasn't another blizzard – it was Harold the helicopter. He dropped hot drinks for the passengers, and when they were feeling better he lifted

them, one by one, into himself with what Daisy could only describe as a sort of chair thing. The passengers went to the airfield, where they were looked after until they could reach home.

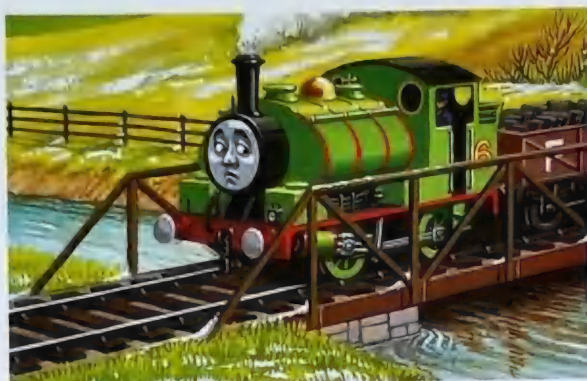
Harold couldn't help Daisy. It was a cold, miserable week before Toby rescued her. She doesn't think snow is so pretty now.







## Washout



NEAR the end of Thomas's branch line there is a small station, and, close by, the railway crosses a stream on a short bridge. As the snow melted, the water in the stream rose higher and higher, rushing and swirling in its

hurry to reach the river at the bottom of the valley.

Each time he passed the place, Percy watched the water anxiously.

"Don't worry," said his Driver. "It's got to come a lot higher before it can stop us."

Percy shivered. He could remember the time when he had been stuck in a flood – he had got very cold and very wet.

Next morning, Toby came up from the Harbour.

"No problem with the stream," he said cheerfully.

"The water is much lower today."

"That's good," said Percy. He set off happily with Annie and Clarabel, and when they stopped at the small station Percy looked carefully at the stream. His Driver went to look too. Toby was right – the water-level was much lower.



"All's well here, Percy," said his Driver. "Come on – we've got a timetable to keep."

They hurried to the Junction, where Henry was waiting for them.

"When is Thomas coming back?" asked Henry. "If he does," he added. "I shouldn't be surprised if he decides to stay as a museum-piece – he's old enough."

He puffed away, chortling at his own wit.

Annie and Clarabel were most upset. Percy had to spend so much time comforting them that he was late leaving with his next train.

Percy had his tank refilled with water at the station by the river, and this made him later still.



"Never mind," said his Driver. "We don't need to stop at the station near the stream this trip, so there's nothing more to delay us."

They reached the stream quickly. But as Percy ran on to the bridge, he felt it sink slightly under his wheels. There was an ominous creak – the bridge swayed.

"Don't stop, Percy!" shouted his Driver in alarm. "Keep moving!"

Percy didn't mean to stop, and that was lucky. Clarabel was the rear coach





and as she crossed the bridge it wobbled again. When her back wheels left it there was a sudden loud crash. The bridge vanished. One second it was there, the next it wasn't.

It was safe to stop now. Percy's Driver put on the

brakes and the Fireman ran back to look. All he could see of the bridge was lying in the middle of the brown, rushing stream.

Annie, Clarabel and Percy were badly shaken. The Guard telephoned a warning, and then they all went quickly home. The Fat Controller closed the line while the bridge was mended.

At first Toby and Percy enjoyed their rest, but they soon grew bored. When the bridge was repaired, Daisy had recovered from her snowy ordeal too, and things returned to normal.

But for some time afterwards Percy was extra careful whenever he crossed the stream in which he had almost had a bath.



## Toby's Megatrain

TOBY was delighted to take Percy's stone trucks down to the Harbour. He thought it a wonderful treat. Percy could not understand why. "It's only a harbour," he said. "Nothing special."

"I like it," said Toby. "It reminds me of the old days. I worked at a harbour on the Other Railway. I told you – remember?"

Because Toby had only a small watertank, he always had to refill it at the station by the river.

"What if we run out of water halfway?" Toby wondered anxiously.

"We shan't," said his Driver confidently.



"But what if the water-column breaks down?" asked Toby. "Thomas warned me about the water from that river."

His Driver laughed.

"Don't worry, Toby," he said.

"We shan't take you fishing."

The Harbour was busy and

Toby worked hard. Not only did the stone trucks have to be taken down, but when they had been unloaded they had to be sent back, often full of things brought in by the ships.





One day the stone trucks from the Quarry didn't come. Toby waited in the Yard.

"It's not like Mavis to be late," he said to himself. "I hope she hasn't had another accident with a lorry that forgot to look where it was going."

At last the Stationmaster came over.

"Mavis wasn't well this morning," he said. "She's better now, and she's on her way."

And indeed it was not long before, with a cheerful toot, Mavis rumbled into the yard. Toby wasted no time in setting off himself.

At the Harbour, Toby found so many trucks waiting to go back that there was hardly room for what he had brought.

"Phew!" whistled the Driver. "Forty-eight trucks, and not all empty, either – some megatrains. Two journeys really, but we haven't time today. We could leave some and make two trips tomorrow . . . ?"

"Can't we take them all now?" asked Toby.

The Guard scratched his head, and Toby's crew looked doubtful.

"We shall be all right," urged Toby, and so they agreed.

But Toby had forgotten his small watertank. He had also forgotten that



the journey was all uphill. He had to work hard, and used so much steam that by the time they reached the station by the river he had very little water left.

His Fireman put in the waterpipe and turned the tap. Nothing happened.

"Oh dear," groaned Toby. "Now what?"

"You could make it alone," said his Driver, "but not pulling this load."

Then he winked at the Fireman.

"Well," the Driver went on, laughing, "I do know somewhere . . ."

"Is it far?" asked Toby.

"Not really," he said, and went to see the Signaller, who told him where to leave the trucks. Toby pushed them carefully into a siding. Then he was uncoupled, and they set off up the line.

"Where are we going to get water?" he asked.

"You'll see," smiled the Driver, and stopped Toby right in the middle of the river-bridge.



"Now," said the Driver,

"Where's my bucket?"

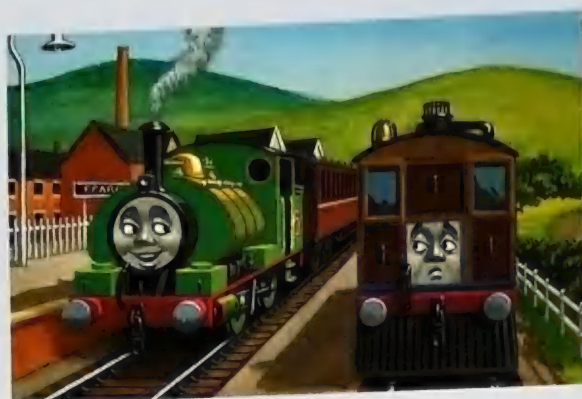
"Ugh!" protested Toby.

"You promised!"

His Driver and Fireman laughed heartily.

"We're only pulling your





train of his own to run in a few minutes.

"Don't worry," said Toby. "I'll follow you down and have those trucks back up here in a jiffy.

And he did, too.

wheels, Toby," they said at last. "We'll go to the top station for water, then come back for the trucks."

When Toby told Percy what had happened, Percy wanted to help, but his Driver reminded him that he had a



## Thomas Comes Home

WORKMEN were mending the road near the level-crossing. They sectioned off part of it with red and white cones, and a steamroller chuffed importantly. His name was George – he was a most unpleasant steamroller.



"Railways are no good," he grumbled. "Turn 'em into roads."

"Nonsense," said Daisy one day. "No one could reach the villages in the valley without our railway."

"I'd build a road along your old tracks," said George. "Nothing to it – my mates have done it all over the place."



Daisy told Percy and Toby what George had said. Toby was worried, because he knew George was right.

"The Fat Controller wouldn't allow it," he said. But he wasn't convinced.

Daisy was reassured, but she was careful to do nothing to upset George, just in case.

Then something happened which made them forget all their worries. Daisy was at the platform, when the Stationmaster came to talk to her Driver. He had a letter in his hand.





"Thomas is coming back next week," he said.

The engines were delighted, and so, of course, were Annie and Clarabel.

"The Fat Controller is holding a welcome-home celebration at the Junction," Daisy told George.



"Lot of nonsense!" he snorted. "Makes no difference – your railway will be a road before long, you'll see!"

At last everything was ready. The engines and coaches were to go to the Junction, and Daisy was to

come last with a special train carrying the Stationmasters, Mr and Mrs Kyndley, and other important people.

Daisy set off happily from the top station. She stopped at the station near the level-crossing for her last passengers. There was no sign of George, but some red and white cones lay nearby. Two of them were even inside the crossing gates.

The Guard blew his whistle.

"Uuuuhooo" roared Daisy.

"Away we go," and she rattled towards the level-crossing.

As she did so, a gust of wind blew a cone towards her. It disappeared beneath Daisy's wheels.

"Ouch!" she squealed, and stopped.

The Guard removed the cone, which was now looking very battered.



"Grrrrrr," groaned Daisy, trying to move. "Help, I'm stuck!"

The Driver got down to look.

"That cone has damaged your brakes," he told her.

"They've jammed hard on."

"Oh, no," wailed Daisy.

"The passengers won't get to Thomas's welcome in time. Why can't that stupid George clear his rubbish up properly? I bet he did it on purpose."

"Can't be helped, Daisy," said her Driver. "We'll do what we can."

A fitter came, and the men worked hard while Daisy stood and fretted.

"We're going to miss Thomas, I know we are," she fumed.

But at last the job was done, and Daisy set off with a roar. As they neared the Junction, Daisy could see a big crowd on the platform. She heard a cheer.

"Oh dear," she groaned. "We're too late!"



"No we're not," said her Driver. "Thomas isn't here yet – it's us they're cheering!"

Just then, the signal arm dropped, and a familiar whistle sounded in the distance. Thomas came into the station – he looked tired,

but he was smiling broadly. He carried the plaque which the National Railway Museum had given him.

"Welcome home, Thomas," said the Fat Controller. "We are all proud of





you, and delighted to see you safely back – especially Annie and Clarabel.”

Everyone laughed. The Fat Controller held up his hand.

“Three cheers,” he called, “for Thomas, our famous tank engine – hip, hip . . .”

THE RAILWAY SERIES NO. 37

## *Henry and the Express*



CHRISTOPHER AWDRY

with illustrations by  
CLIVE SPONG

### FOREWORD

DEAR FRIENDS,

When I went to see Henry recently he was moaning about not having had a book to himself for ages.

“Yes,” I agreed. “There’s the story about patching up your smokebox . . .”

“And the time my wheel broke,” he interrupted.

“What about when you came out of the Works before you’d been properly painted?” I said.

“You wouldn’t . . . !” he said.

But I would, and I have. It might teach Henry not to try to tell me what to do.

THE AUTHOR





## Out of Puff



THE Express is a long, heavy train. Gordon usually pulls it, but only as far as the Other Railway. Another engine takes the coaches from there to London.

It is an important train too, and must always run, whatever

happens. If Gordon is ill, or busy somewhere else, James or Henry have the chance to pull it.

They try their best, and do it well. Too well, maybe, because sometimes the importance of the occasion goes to their smokeboxes and makes them boastful.

One day Henry was feeling pleased with himself. He had run the Express to time, and the Fat Controller had congratulated him.

"I don't know what the Fat Controller would do without me," he said importantly in the Shed that evening.

"Hae a care," warned Douglas. "Too much puff aboot yoursel' and ye'll mebbe run oot of puff one day."

"Pooh!" scoffed Henry. "I pulled two trains and a failed diesel once, and the Fat Controller said I was an Enterprising Engine."



"Aye, I mind it well," agreed Donald. "I took the goods train on, ye recall. But Dougie is right – puff goes before a fail."

The Scottish twins were wasting their own puff, of course, because Henry took no notice whatsoever.

A little later, the railway had to begin using a new sort of coal. It was dusty, and burned with clouds of thick black smoke. The Fat Controller was cross, and the engines didn't like it either.

"Filthy rubbish," they grumbled.



The new coal made more ash, too. Before long, all the engines began to have pains in their smokeboxes. Hot ash collected there, and gave them the most awful indigestion.

One evening, Henry felt dreadful when he got back to the Shed. His Fireman had to clean an enormous pile of ash from his smokebox before he felt better.

But the next day, Henry could not make steam properly. He struggled to Edward's station, but could go no further.

Douglas was there. "I can't breathe," Henry wheezed.

"Oot o' puff, are ye?" asked Douglas. "Dinna say we didna warn ye."







Henry couldn't answer.  
Douglas took his train for him.

The Fireman cleared away more ashes, but when he tried to close Henry's smokebox door it did not make the airtight fit that it should have done.

"Those hot ashes have bent

your smokebox door," he said. "Air is coming in so that you can't breathe properly through your fire. But I know how we could cure that."

He filled a bucket with water. Then he fetched all the old newspapers he could find from the station bookstall. The driver helped him tear them into strips, which they soaked in the water.

"What are you doing?" asked Henry anxiously.

"Making something called papier mâché," explained the Driver. "When this paper is soggy enough, we shall paste it in your airleak, so that you can breathe better. It won't last for ever, but it will get us home."

"Oh," said Henry unhappily.

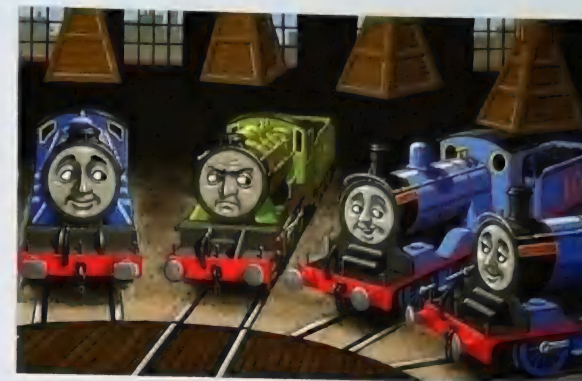
His Driver was right. When the job was done, Henry felt much better, and even the Driver and Fireman were surprised how well he steamed.

"We'll have to get the Fat Controller to make it permanent," they joked.

Henry went very carefully and reached the Shed without mishap.



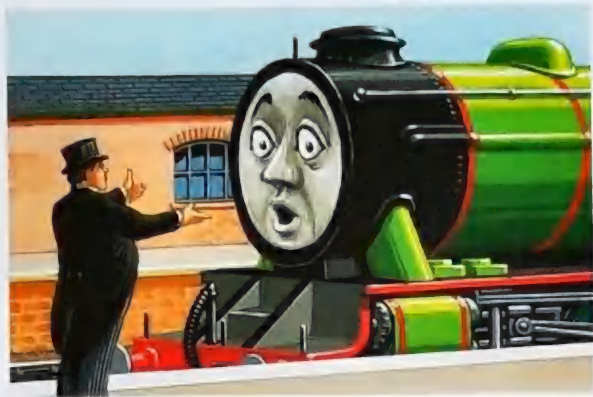
His story had got there before him, of course. Donald and Douglas didn't say anything, but now and then made sort of breathless, puffing noises. Henry thought they must have a very odd sense of humour.







## Overhaul



"You won't believe this, Henry, but nowadays the people at Crewe couldn't do the work you need."

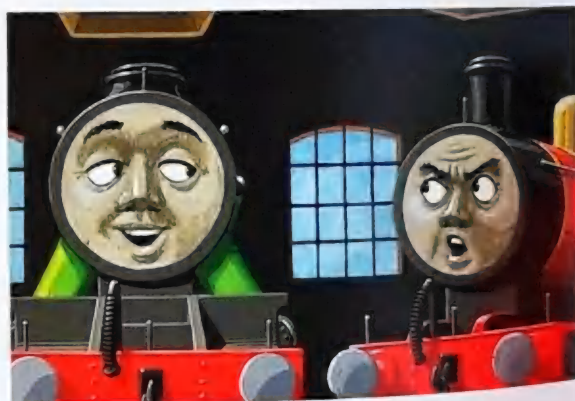
Henry stared, and the Fat Controller laughed at his surprised expression.

"Don't worry," he said. "We can do everything at my Works – all I have to do is get you there. If James takes the Express tomorrow, we can couple you in front. Do what you can to help, and you can go to the Works in style."

Henry told James that night.

"Help me?" James snorted. "I don't need help! I can pull the Express by myself, thank you. Over-haul indeed! Two engines on one train is an over-haul, if you ask me."

But the Fat Controller had already made the arrangements, so there was nothing James could do about it.



"WHAT you need, Henry," the Fat Controller told him, "is an overhaul."

"Yes, Sir," agreed Henry.

"Does that mean I've got to go away to Crewe again, Sir?"

The Fat Controller laughed.

"Not this time," he said.



Next morning James backed on to the coaches in the Big Station. Henry followed and was coupled in front.

James was not in the best of tempers, but when the Fat Controller came to see them off, James tried not to show how cross he was.

"Good luck, Henry," said the Fat Controller. "The people at the Works know what to do, so you won't be there too long. James and Bear will take turns with the Express when Gordon is busy."

The Express only stops once before it reaches the Other Railway, and that is at the Works station. Because of his leaky smokebox Henry could not help

very much, but he saved his hardest effort for Gordon's Hill. The two engines raced up it faster than they had ever done. When they reached the top, James was feeling better.

"That was fun," he said.

"We might even be early at

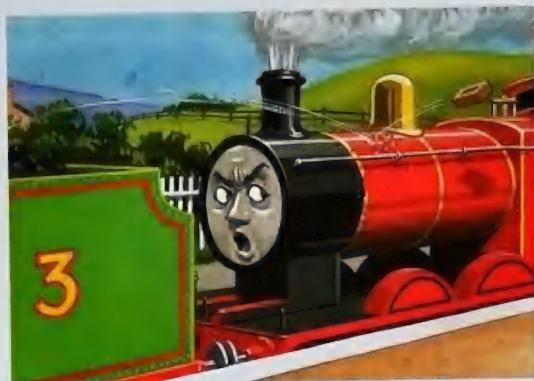


the Works station – we shall need extra time to uncouple you, anyway."

James spoke too soon. They had just crossed the viaduct when Henry felt something wrong with one of his wheels.

"Something's wobbling," he told his Driver. Just then, they both heard a cracking noise.





"Ouch!" exclaimed Henry.  
 "Whatever it is, I think it's broken!"

They were passing a station.  
 Something hit the platform, and  
 a brick flew past Henry's cab. It  
 bounced off James's boiler and  
 disappeared.

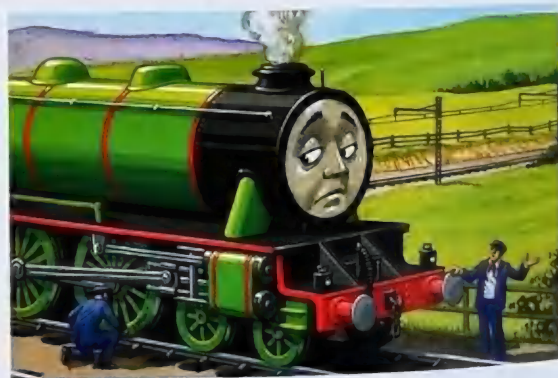
"Ow!" exclaimed James. "Henry  
 might need mending, but he needn't throw his broken bits at me!"

Just then, James and his Driver heard Henry whistling to warn them  
 that he wanted to stop. More bits and pieces flashed by, some hitting the  
 carriages.

Using the brakes skillfully, the Drivers stopped the train. Then, while  
 the Guard made sure that the train was protected behind, James's Driver  
 went to see if any passengers had been hurt by the flying debris. No one  
 had, but one of the carriage windows was broken.

Henry's crew inspected his  
 wheel. The trouble was not  
 hard to find.

"Your wheel has a steel rim  
 called a tyre," Henry's Fireman  
 told him. "It has broken and  
 come off – it's a miracle it  
 didn't do more damage."



James pushed Henry into a siding, and went back to the train.

"An overhaul, is it?" grinned James as he passed. "It sounds as if you  
 need retiring, you poor old thing."



He guffawed loudly at his  
 own wit and puffed away.

Henry smiled to himself.

"I don't know about  
 retiring," he chuckled. "I  
 certainly feel tired."







## Sliding Scales



James did not like 'The Flying Kipper'.

"All those smelly vans," he complained one morning. "You can't get the smell off your tender for weeks."

"I'm very fond of a good kipper," remarked his Driver.

"You're welcome to it," retorted James.

"A right old misery today, aren't you?" said his Fireman.

"You got out of the Shed by the wrong door this morning, and no mistake. Now get a move on, or the Fat Controller will give you something to moan about."

Groaning horribly on the curves, James went slowly down to the Harbour. The vans for the train were already in the shed, while men in aprons worked busily, loading them with boxes of fish.

"Pooh!" said James, wrinkling his nose.



BECAUSE Henry was at the Works, the other engines had to help with 'The Flying Kipper' too. This is a special train of vans filled with boxes of fish, which goes to markets in London and other places on the Mainland.



James was coupled to the vans. He had not been waiting long when a forklift truck, laden with fishboxes, rounded the corner and came towards him. Another, hurrying away for a new load, came too fast in the opposite direction.



The loaded one swerved to avoid the other one and its heavy load shifted. Six full boxes slipped from the top of the pile and burst open on the rails in front of James.

James closed his eyes in horror.

"Ugh!" he shuddered.

Broken fish and boxes lay everywhere. For once James was right – the smell was not nice.



Luckily, there was plenty of time for the men to clear up the mess before James had to leave.

"A good job the boxes didn't fall on you, James," said his Driver, winking at the Fireman.

James shuddered again. The idea was too awful to think about.

At last all was ready, and the Guard showed his green lamp.

"Thank goodness," said James to himself.

There was a speed limit at the Harbour, so James could not start quickly.





The train seemed heavier than usual tonight too, so when he reached the spot where the fish boxes had burst, he was moving at no more than walking pace.



The rails seemed clean, but oil and scales from the spilt fish were still there, coating them with a slippery film. As soon as James reached the place, his driving wheels, with nothing to grip, began to spin helplessly.

James did his best, but the heavy vans dragged him to a standstill. He found he could move neither forward nor back.

"Fish!" exclaimed James in disgust.

Men brought hoses and washed the rails: James grew very wet and uncomfortable. Then they put sand on the rails in front of each driving wheel, and James was at last able to move his train.

He was very late, but at least he was off the fish quay. To say he was glad would be putting it mildly.



## Henry Sees Red

HENRY found life boring at the Works. The men worked hard to make him better, but it seemed ages before he was ready. At last, when he had passed the tests to make sure he was mended properly, men came to repaint him.



But Henry saw that instead of nice green paint, they had something very different in their paint pots.

"That's not right," protested Henry. "The Fat Controller wants me to be green with red stripes, not red all over like . . . like tomato sauce."

The painters laughed.

"You'd look very handsome, Henry," they said, "but don't worry, this paint is a special sort of undercoat. You shall have proper green with red stripes before we've finished."

"Undercoat!" muttered Henry in disgust. "Whatever would the other engines say if they saw me looking like this?"

The men laughed, and carried on painting.

His Driver came early next morning to wake him up.

"Come on, Henry," he said. "There's an emergency on







at the Big Station, and the Fat Controller says you're to help."

"But I can't go like this!" exclaimed Henry. "They'll all laugh at me."



"No choice," said his Driver. "The diesel pulling the Express has failed and the Fat Controller needs you to take over. It's either us or a long walk for the passengers – and you know the Fat Controller wouldn't like that."

The Fireman raised steam as quickly as he could, and Henry, blushing with embarrassment, set off for the Big Station. The Fat Controller was pleased to see him.

"I feel so silly, looking like this," complained Henry.

The Fat Controller laughed.

"You do look unusual, Henry," he agreed, "but you have helped me out of a very awkward situation, so don't worry about it."

But Henry did worry. Soon – too soon for Henry – it was time to start.

The Express was heavy, and Henry quickly felt the drag of the coaches.

"We'll need help on Gordon's Hill today," remarked his Driver.

But they were in trouble earlier than that!

As they approached Edward's station, the brakes went wrong on the last



coach of the train, and they had to stop and uncouple it.

To make matters worse, Donald, who should have been there to help, had been called away. Henry had to push the coach into a siding himself. And, without Donald, there was no one to help him on the hill.

"Never mind," comforted the Driver. "You can do it – you're an Enterprising Engine, remember."

Henry snorted. He didn't feel very enterprising just then.

The men at the Works had mended Henry well. His Driver gave him as good a start as he could: it was hard going, but now Henry felt fired with determination.

"Let them laugh at my red paint," he snorted. "I'll show them."

Slowly he struggled upwards.



"I can do it, I can do it, I can do it," he panted as he went. "Oh dear, will the top never come?"

Then, suddenly, there it was.

"I've done it, I've done it, I've done it," he puffed proudly.

After that it was much easier, and they reached the Other Railway quickly. The Fat Controller, who had been on the train, came to congratulate Henry.





he at last returned to the Shed, there was a warm welcome for Henry the Green Engine.

"Well done, Henry," he said.  
"I'm very proud of you – perhaps all my engines should be painted red. But you have certainly earned your proper green with red stripes."

Which, of course, is just what Henry got. And when

THE RAILWAY SERIES NO. 38

## ***Wilbert the Forest Engine***



CHRISTOPHER AUDRY

with illustrations by  
CLIVE SPONG

### FOREWORD

DEAR FRIENDS,  
Wilbert works in Gloucestershire, on the Dean Forest Railway. He kept asking if he could meet Thomas, and at last the Fat Controller managed to arrange it. The visit was not without its mishaps, but I know that Wilbert enjoyed himself. We hope that you will enjoy the stories of his adventures on the Island of Sodor as much as he and the other engines did.

THE AUTHOR





## Percy's Porridge



DONALD and Douglas were rushed off their wheels. The Fat Controller visited them.

"I know you don't mind hard work," he said, "but you can't be everywhere at once. You need some help on the branch lines."

The Scottish twins were grateful.

"I have a plan," the Fat Controller told them.

He went to see a friend who lived in Gloucestershire and explained the problem. The friend took him to meet Wilbert, a smart blue saddletank engine with six wheels.

"Your owner says you can come and help me for a while," the Fat Controller told Wilbert. "Would you like that?"

Wilbert was delighted.

"Yes, please, Sir," he said eagerly.

His line in the Forest of Dean was short, and he was delighted for the chance to exercise his wheels.

"If you are as good as I think you will be," the Fat Controller went on, "I know where I can get another engine like you, and then you will be able to go back home."



Percy was excited when he heard the news.

"Another saddletank, Sir," he said. "Is he like me, Sir?"

The Fat Controller laughed.

"He's bigger and stronger than you, Percy," he said.

"Besides, you can manage your trucks. I want him to help Duck, so I'm afraid you may not even meet him."

During the week before Wilbert came, it was cold and wet. The engines thought it would never stop raining. None of them wanted to go out, but passengers and trucks were waiting.

"Just the sort of weather when you need porridge for breakfast," laughed Percy's Driver.

"What's porridge?" asked Percy.



"It's . . . well, it's hard to describe," said the Fireman. "You boil oatmeal and water . . ."

". . . which makes a sort of sticky soup," finished the Driver. "Then you add milk and sugar – delicious!"

At the station by the river, sacks were stacked on the platform. The men who had filled them had worked fast and had not tied the sacks properly.

As the porter lifted the last stack, the signal arm dropped with a clang.







"Better hurry, here's Percy," the porter said, and he swung the heavy sack on to the pile, knocking the top one over. Several sacks toppled onto the railway line and split open.

The oatmeal inside the sacks burst out, covering

everything. The pouring rain quickly turned it into a sort of sticky soup . . .

At that moment, Percy appeared. He wasn't going fast, but he couldn't stop himself from ploughing into the 'porridge' which now covered the rails.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed, and stopped.

Porridge dripped from Percy's wheels, rods and frames. He felt awful – wet, sticky and cold.

His Driver and Fireman got down to inspect the mess.

"Oh dear," remarked the Driver. "Well Percy, you've found out about porridge the hard way, haven't you? The thing is, you're supposed to eat it, not paddle in it."

Percy didn't think that was funny at all.



The Fat Controller wasn't amused either. He telephoned to the Junction, where they were just in time to stop Wilbert on his way to Duck's branch line. He came along Thomas's line instead, and soon reached the Shed at the top station.



Percy cheered up at once.

"I wanted to meet you," he said, "but I didn't think it would be this way. Porridge is all right for breakfast, my Driver says, but it makes a mess of an engine who isn't expecting it."







## Cab over Wheels



"YOU'RE lucky to have a long line," Wilbert told Thomas and Toby. "Mine is only one and a half miles long, with a station at Norchard and another at Lydney. The scenery is superb, though, and my Driver says it's better up the

valley. Our volunteers are going to open that bit, too. They work hard, but it takes a long time."

One of Wilbert's first jobs was at the lead mine.

"Don't pass the DANGER sign," Thomas said. "I fell down a mine once."

Wilbert smiled.

"I've worked in a colliery," he said, "so I know about DANGER signs. But," he added, "there was an engine once who thought he knew better..."

"What happened?" asked Toby and Thomas.

Wilbert paused.

"This engine didn't have a name," he began, "just a number, Sixteen, and he worked in a steelworks. One of the jobs that Sixteen and his friends had to do was to take the waste from the works in special trucks to a place they called the tip."



"Well," went on Wilbert, "Sixteen got tired of always stopping in the same place. He tried to go further, but his Driver always prevented him.

The other engines tried to stop him too.

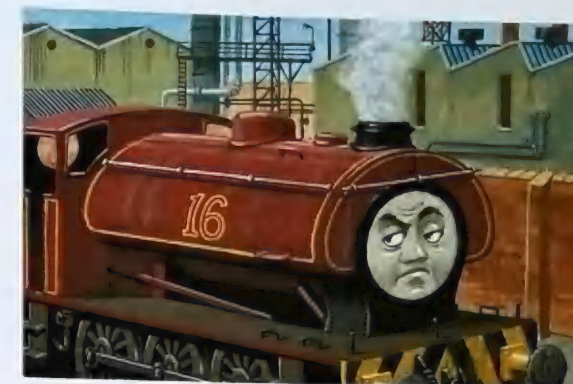
'If the notice says DANGER you shouldn't pass it,' they said.

Sixteen paid no attention.

'Don't be stupid,' his Driver said. 'We mustn't pass the notice, or goodness knows where we shall end up.'

But Sixteen wanted to know.

'Pooh!' he scoffed. 'I can take care of myself.'



their momentum pulled Sixteen with them.

'You silly engine,' scolded his Driver.

'Wasn't my fault,' muttered Sixteen sulkily. 'It was those trucks.'

'You've always wanted to pass that board,' said the Driver crossly. 'I believe you asked them to drag us on purpose.'

"One wet day Sixteen's chance came. The rails were slippery, and when his Driver tried to stop, he couldn't. You see, Sixteen had asked the trucks, which were in front of him, to carry on past the warning sign. They did, and





A foreman ran towards them.

'What are you doing there?' he shouted. 'It's not safe!'

'The trucks dragged us,' explained the Driver.



wheels sank, and the rails sagged. A small rush of stone clattered away to the bottom of the bank.

Sixteen's Fireman knew that if he tried to move the engine now he would only make things worse.

'Oooer!' groaned Sixteen.

Beneath his weight, the rails sagged even more. Suddenly, they fell away completely. As the Fireman leapt for safety, Sixteen overbalanced. The coupling between him and the trucks broke, and he rolled cab over wheels down the bank. He reached the bottom with a crash.



Sixteen lay on his side, looking surprised, and leaking steam in all directions. 'Help!' he gasped weakly."



Thomas and Toby were silent.

"What happened to Sixteen after that?" ventured Toby.

"Oh, he was rescued," Wilbert said, "but he wasn't repaired, and he was sent to the back of the Shed in disgrace."

"Is he still there?" asked Thomas.

"He got better than he deserved," smiled Wilbert. "Some preservation people came and bought him, and now he lives in the Midlands. But I think he's lucky to have been given a second chance."

Thomas and Toby could only agree.







## Foaming at the Funnel



Percy takes them to the Junction on his first train every morning.

Thomas explained this to Wilbert.

"There's a hosepipe thing which puts the milk into the tankers," he said. "They'll be ready by the time you get there for the first train."

"Sounds easy enough," said Wilbert.

Thomas told him a great many other details too. Wilbert listened carefully, trying hard to remember them all.

Next day he enjoyed himself. He was a much more powerful engine than Percy, so he found that he could cope easily with Percy's trains.

The trucks behaved well too, which was a help.

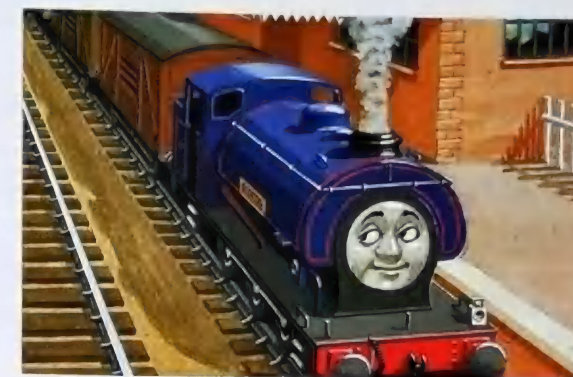
"He's strong, he is," they muttered to each other. "Don't upset him – you never know what he might do to get his own back."



THERE is a dairy beside Thomas's branch line, at the station where the lines divide to go either to the Harbour or the Junction. Every afternoon special tanker wagons are pushed into the dairy siding. They are filled with milk, and

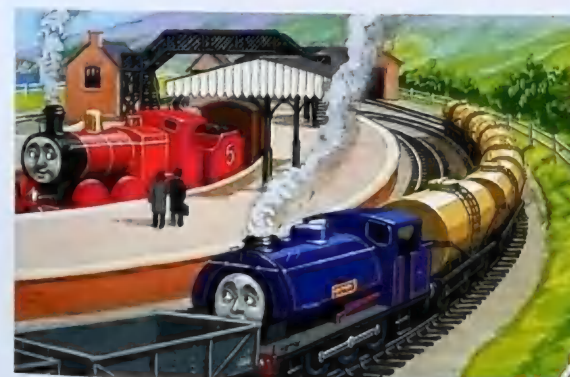


One day Wilbert took loaded stone trucks to the Harbour. On his way back with empty ones, he stopped at the station by the dairy and pushed the empty trucks into a siding. He left them, and set out towards the Junction, pulling just a few vans.



"Right," he thought happily. "I leave these vans at the Junction and bring the empty tankers back. Then, when those are put in the dairy siding I take the stone trucks on to the top station."

They met James at the Junction. James knew who Wilbert was, of course, and asked how he was getting on.



Wilbert chattered excitedly about the jobs he had been given to do that day.

"Sounds as if you're having fun," James said, "but it's best to take things slowly at first," and he puffed away.

Wilbert continued his journey and reached the dairy station easily, but his Fireman was worried about water.

"We should have filled up at the Junction," he said, "but you were busy chatting to James. Never mind, we'll get water here."

The tankers were at the end of the train, so all Wilbert had to do was





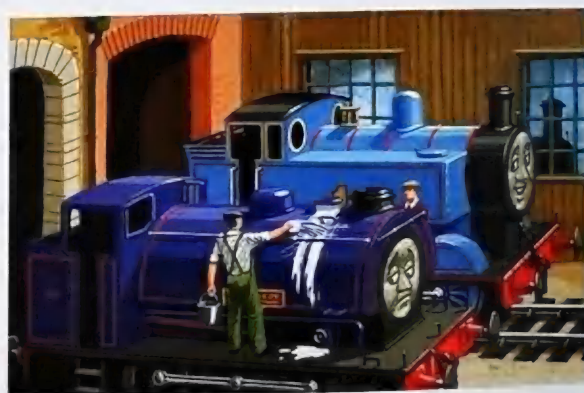
Fireman went to reply, but when he returned he found that Wilbert had stopped at the wrong hosepipe. His tank was full, but not with water – with milk!

"You'll be foaming at the funnel if any of this gets in the boiler!" gasped the Driver.

Quickly they put out Wilbert's fire, and the Fireman telephoned for help. Thomas came as soon as he could, and pulled Wilbert back to the top station.

Wilbert's tank was emptied and was given a thorough clean, so that next morning he was quite all right again.

"You and Percy make a fine pair," laughed Thomas. "He had the porridge and you had the milk."



to push them into the dairy siding. Then he drew forward and stopped by the hosepipe.

"Just in time," said the Fireman, and he put the hose into Wilbert's tank.

As he turned the tap the Driver spoke to him. The



## Wired-up

As soon as Percy came home, the Fat Controller came to see Wilbert.

"You've done well," the Fat Controller told him, "apart from drinking all that milk."

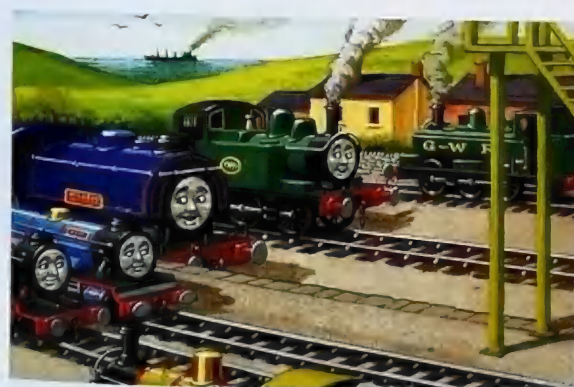
Wilbert looked abashed.

"I'm sorry, Sir," he said, "I . . ."

"It's all right, Wilbert," smiled the Fat Controller. "A mistake any engine could make. But now Percy is back you can go to help on Duck's branch line."

Wilbert puffed away. Percy and the others were sorry to see him go.

Duck and Oliver made Wilbert very welcome. Duck let him travel in front of his next train so that he could see what the line was like.



Wilbert enjoyed this, but found running beside the sea very different from his sheltered valley in Gloucestershire.

Next day he began regular work. During the afternoon he took some ballast wagons to the loading dock beside the Small Railway. Rex, Bert, Mike and Jock were delighted to show off their station to a new engine.

Like the other trucks, those on Duck's line decided that they had better behave too. Donald and Douglas had kept them all in order, but Wilbert





The Fireman got down to look.

"The coupling-gear on the wagon has pulled away," he said. "Now what?"  
Beside them, watching with interest, was Bert.

"I pulled a train that was glued together once, when one of my couplings broke," he said.

"We need more than glue here," said Wilbert's Driver. Then he noticed a coil of signal-wire lying beside the line.

"Could we do anything with that?" he asked.

"You'd never move the train with wire," objected the Fireman.

"But what about just one truck?" suggested Wilbert.  
"I bet I could pull one truck with wire."

"Brilliant," said the Stationmaster, who had come to see what was wrong. "I'll go and tell the Signaller what you're doing – let me know when you're ready."

The Fireman wound the wire round the truck's bufferbeam, leaving long

made sure they didn't forget what the twins had taught them.

One day Wilbert was at the ballast loader. As he tried to pull some full trucks away there was a loud crack and he shot suddenly backwards.



loops. These he twisted into a rope, making a small loop at the end, which he fastened to Wilbert's coupling-hook. A shunter uncoupled the front truck from the rest, and at last everything was ready.

"Right, Wilbert," said his Driver. "Gently now."

He opened the regulator very carefully, easing Wilbert slowly backwards. The wire tightened, stretched – and held.



Big Station late but safely.

By the end of his stay, the Fat Controller knew that an engine like Wilbert was exactly what he needed.

"I am delighted, Wilbert," said the Fat Controller. "Please take our best wishes to your friends in the Forest of Dean. We hope your line there will be as successful as your work here."

Thomas, Percy, Toby and Daisy came to the Junction to see Wilbert off, and whistled cheerfully as he passed.



Slowly the truck followed Wilbert out of the siding, and he could then push it into another, out of the way. Then he went back to his ballast train.

This time there was no trouble, and he reached the





"Peep, peep," called Wilbert. "I've had a wonderful time, but I'm looking forward to getting home. Goodbye, and thank you." And with a whistle, he rounded the curve and disappeared into the tunnel.

THE RAILWAY SERIES NO. 39

## ***Thomas and the Fat Controller's Engines***



CHRISTOPHER AWDRY

with illustrations by  
CLIVE SPONG

### FOREWORD

DEAR FRIENDS,

I went to see the Fat Controller the other day. I told him that in 1995 it would be fifty years since the first stories about his Railway were published.

"Good gracious me!" he said. "We must do something to celebrate that."

And he set to work. Not everything went quite right. For instance, Thomas . . . but I won't spoil the stories – happy reading.

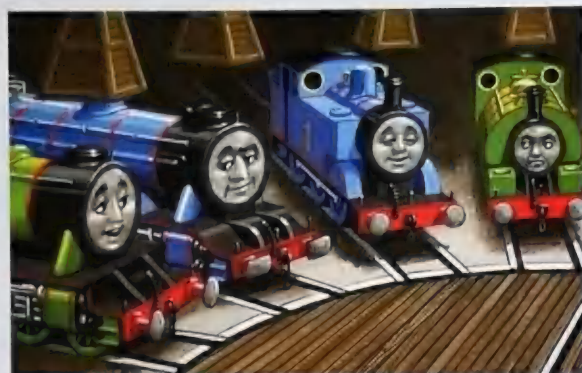
THE AUTHOR





## Birdstrike

"I know what a Jubilee is," announced Henry. "It's an engine called Bahamas – I met him at Crewe."



said knowingly. "Flying Scotsman told me. The Silver Jubilee used to run from London in the old days."

"But we're not London," objected Henry.

"And if it's a train, why do we need it?" James continued.

"We don't," interrupted a well-known voice. "Our Jubilee is a Golden one, because in 1995 it is fifty years since stories about us began to be in books. I thought it would be a good idea to celebrate."

"It *is* a party!" squeaked Percy, excitedly.

The Fat Controller laughed.

"Sort of, Percy," he agreed.

"I haven't settled the details yet, but you will all know about it in plenty of time."

The engines were excited.

"Isn't it a sort of party?" asked Percy. "Thomas and I took some Scouts to one once . . ."

"That was a jamboree," put in Thomas with a chuckle.

"Was it?" said Percy. "Sorry." Gordon smiled.

"Actually, it's a train," he



"Will there be a special train?" Gordon asked the Fat Controller. "Can I pull it, please, Sir?"

"Sorry, Gordon," said the Fat Controller. "There will be a special train, but I can't spare you, I'm afraid. Anyway, haven't you forgotten how you had coal and water problems on the Other Railway?"

Gordon had.

"You remember Pip and Emma, though, don't you Gordon?" the Fat Controller went on. "I have asked them to be my special train for the guests from London."



Gordon puffed away. Near Henry's tunnel, the main line passed through woodlands, and the high branches of the trees were full of birds' nests. Often, great flocks of birds circled above the railway, and sometimes Gordon had

noticed them feeding in the fields nearby.

Today, the birds were much closer to the railway than usual.

"Poop, poop," whistled Gordon, as he approached a farm crossing. Startled, the birds rose together in a thick, black cloud. They swooped across the line in front of the train.





One bird, larger than the others, had been perched on a gatepost beside the line. It flew so close to Gordon that its wings almost brushed his nose. As it did so there was a bump, and Gordon felt his brakes come on.

"Why are we stopping?" Gordon asked his Driver.

"Perhaps someone has pulled the emergency brake," said the Driver.

"Don't worry, the Guard will come and tell us in a minute."

But the Guard had no idea what was wrong.

"There must be a leak in the brake pipe," said the Fireman.

He inspected the pipe from one end of the train to the other, but he could find nothing wrong.

"I can't understand it," said the Driver, scratching his head. "There's no leak anywhere, yet the brakes are hard on."



"It was just when those birds flew across," said Gordon. "One nearly hit me, and there was a bump . . ."

"Just a minute," interrupted the Fireman. He looked quickly at Gordon's front brakepipe.

"There you are!" he said triumphantly.



The Fireman laughed.

"That bird knocked the seal out of your brakepipe," he explained. "Look!"

"Well I'm blessed!" said the Driver. "I've never heard of a birdstrike on a steam engine before."



"A crow did it on the Great Western in 1915," chuckled the Fireman. "I read about it only last week."

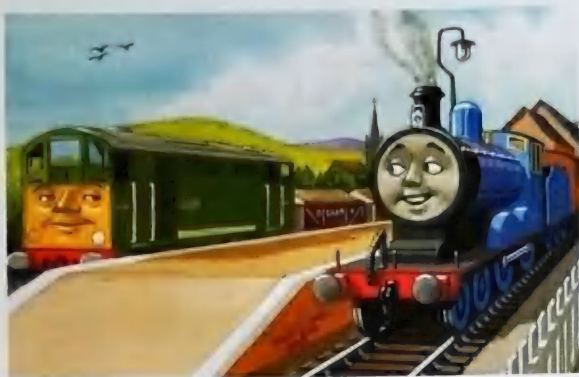
Gordon was soon on his way again. The other engines laughed.

"Poor old Gordon," they chuckled to each other. "Fancy being stopped by a bird – that's nothing to crow about, is it?"





## Edward and the Cabbages



EDWARD'S branch line runs from the station at the bottom of Gordon's Hill. It goes along the coast to a port where the twin tank engines, Bill and Ben, work.

Edward and BoCo run this line, and Donald and Douglas,

the Scottish twins, help them when things are busy.

They all work happily together. Their trains don't need to run fast, but it is not often that they keep the big engines waiting. Usually it is the big engines who are late.

One morning, James was delayed at the Big Station and Edward had to wait for him. When at last he could start, he wanted to hurry to make up for lost time.

"Steady, Edward," cautioned his Driver. "I know we're late, but an accident will make us even later."

Edward slowed, but as he approached the next station his wheels jolted badly at some points. When Edward stopped at the platform the Fireman checked him all over, but everything seemed to be in order.



Edward set off again. He was beginning to gain speed when he began to feel funny.

"My front's all wobbly," he complained. Scarcely had he said it than the Fireman saw something bumping along the line beside them.



"Jiminy Christmas, look at that!" he exclaimed.

Quickly, the Driver crossed the cab, and both watched in horror as a round metal object rolled along beside them like a hoop. After a while it hit a stone and bounced away into a field.

Very carefully the Driver applied the brakes, and Edward came safely to a halt. He was glad, because his front now felt very loose.



The Driver and Fireman climbed down and came to look at his wheels. There was no doubt what the trouble was – one of them wasn't there!

"One of your bogie wheels has broken off," said the Driver. "Thank goodness we

were on straight track and not going too fast. There could have been a nasty accident."

Later, the Fat Controller's telephone rang. He listened in astonishment.

"What's that you say? An engine's wheel in your cabbages? I quite agree. It must have been a great surprise. One of Edward's, you think? Is he all right?"





Thank you, I'll see to it at once."

The Fat Controller put the telephone down and mopped his face with a red and white spotted handkerchief.

"Bless my soul!" he said to himself. "It's a good thing

Edward didn't end up in the cabbages himself."

Next day, BoCo helped Edward to the Works. Edward's wheel, broken off where the axle joined it but otherwise undamaged, travelled in his tender.

The Fat Controller came to see him.

"You had a lucky escape, Edward," he said, "but there's no harm done. I just hope we can get you mended before the Golden Jubilee celebrations. Oh, and by the way, the farmer says that if your Driver wants cabbages in future, there are much safer ways of cutting them."



## Rabbits

"RABBITS," said the Driver.

"What do you mean, rabbits?" asked Thomas. His Driver laughed and pointed ahead.

Beside the line near the airfield station was a post with a white disc on top. It had a red circle round it and a black number 10 painted on it.



"Rabbits have been building burrows under the line," the Driver explained. "They've made the ground unsafe, so the Fat Controller has had to bring in a speed limit here until the embankment can be strengthened."

"But it's the steepest part of the line," protested Thomas. "How shall I get up the hill when Annie and Clarabel are full on market day if I can't increase my speed at the bottom?"

"You'll manage," said his Fireman, "but Percy's trains are often heavier than ours – he won't like it much."



Percy didn't. One day he stuck halfway up. Daisy had to wait at the station at the top while Percy's train was divided and brought up in two sections.

"The sooner the Fat Controller does something about those rabbits, the better,"





all the engines agreed.

Then they heard that work was to start. While repairs were being done, Thomas was to run to the station at the top of the hill. Bertie would then carry the passengers to the airfield station, and Daisy

would take them to the Junction.

The day before the line closed, Thomas was taking Annie and Clarabel down the hill when he felt the rails quiver under his wheels.

"Help!" exclaimed Thomas.

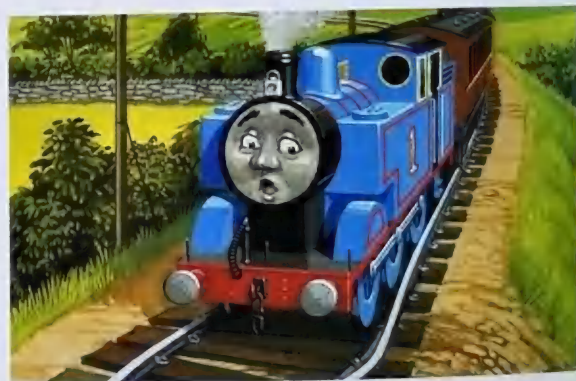
Suddenly, the left-hand rail tilted. There was a crunch, and his wheels settled on the ballast.

Luckily, Thomas stopped moving before Annie and Clarabel came off the rails too. The Guard went back to the station to telephone for help.

Percy was shunting when the call came through.

"You can't take those trucks to the Harbour now that the line is blocked," said the Stationmaster. "Please take some workmen, bring Annie and Clarabel home, and then help Thomas."

Thomas was glad when Percy arrived. While Percy took the passengers back to the station, the workmen unloaded their gear and prepared the site.



"The ground's unsafe for a crane, even if we had one," they said, "and we can't just pull you out, because that will only damage more of the line. We shall lift you on jacks, Thomas, so that we can slide rails underneath your wheels.

Then Percy can pull you back on to the firm rails."

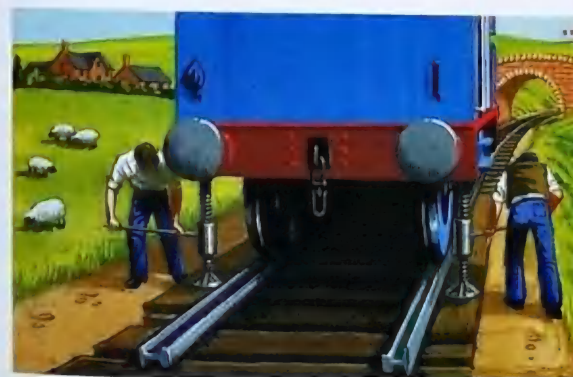
"We hope," they added.

"How long will that take?" asked Thomas.

The Foreman shrugged.

"Who knows?" he said. "Two hours, maybe three."

Slowly, with a jack at each corner of his frame, they lifted Thomas until they could slide lengths of rail, laid on their side, under his wheels. Then, very gently, he was lowered on to the rails. A strong cable was fixed to his



coupling, and the other end was fastened to Percy.

The Fat Controller had come to watch.

"Are you ready? Heave!" he called to Percy.

Carefully, Percy took up the strain. The cable tightened.

Percy pulled again. The cable stretched – and held.

Very slowly, Thomas moved backwards, his wheels running in the grooves in the sides of the rails. Then, with a jolt, first one pair of wheels,







then another and at last the third, came safely back on to the firm part of the railway.

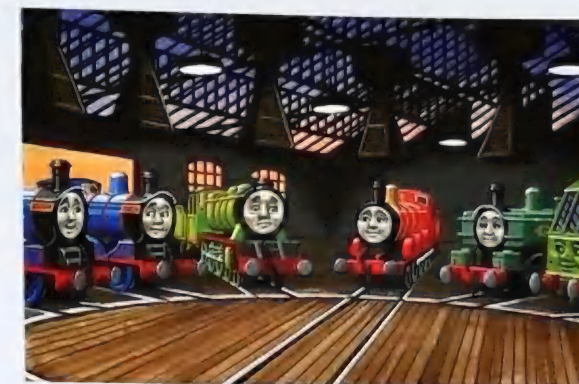
The men unhitched the cable, and Percy was coupled properly to Thomas.

"Thank you, Percy," said Thomas gratefully, and Percy pulled him home.



## Golden Jubilee

BACK in the autumn, a spider had found a warm corner underneath the signalbox at the Junction. She had woven a web, pointed at one end and shaped like a funnel, and for a while she lived very well on what she had caught in it.



Now it was spring, and the spider had moved on. She knew nothing about the preparations for the Golden Jubilee.

"It's going to be a disaster," remarked Henry, gloomily. "Important people, a special train, and nothing for them to see."

"Och, ye auld misery!" said Donald. "Look on the bright side – there's a week tae go yet."

"I'm sure it will be all right," put in Daisy. She had been shy about

living in the big shed at first, but was getting used to it now.

"Of course it will," agreed Duck. "Have you ever known the Fat Controller's plans to go wrong?"

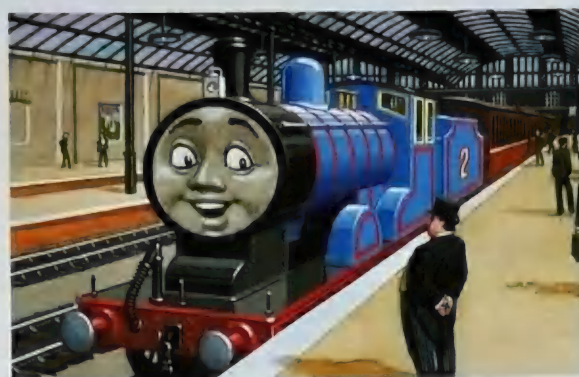
"No," admitted James. "I've never known that."



The other engines agreed – except Henry.

"There's always a first time," he muttered darkly.





But by the time Jubilee Day arrived, Edward's wheel and Thomas's branch line were both mended. The Fat Controller told Edward he was to run ahead of the special train to make sure that the line was clear.

"Does that mean . . . ?" he asked excitedly.

"Wait and see," smiled the Fat Controller.

Crowds began to gather at the Big Station. There was to be a red carpet, speeches and a special luncheon for the visitors.

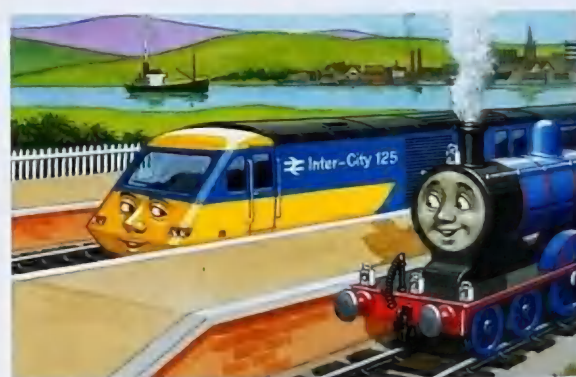
"Last time we had a red carpet the Queen came," remarked Gordon.

As the special train drew to a halt, Emma grinned happily at Edward.

"Got your four lamps arranged?" she asked. "Off you go then – we'll follow in a few minutes."

At the Junction a breeze blew into the room beneath the signalbox. It wafted the old spider's web between two electrical contacts. At once, everything in the signalbox stopped working. Signals went to danger, points could not be moved.

"Now what?" exclaimed the Signaller. "There's a Royal Train due in five minutes."



Edward stopped outside the signalbox. Thomas, Percy, Toby and Mavis were already waiting.

"The electrics are dead," the Signaller told Edward's Driver. "We shall have to flag you all through, but it will take time. You must go first, then the Royal."

Carefully, men with flags sent the trains on their way. Edward went first with a letter for the Fat Controller, telling him what had happened. Pip and Emma went next. Finally, Thomas and the branch line engines were allowed through.

At the Big Station the crowd was now enormous. The Fat Controller looked impatiently at his watch.

Gordon, Henry and James had got the best places at the platform.

"We shall see everything from here," said James happily.

"If there's anything to see," grumbled Henry.

Just then they heard a whistle.



"That's Edward," said Gordon. "He's had a wasted journey, poor engine."

But we know Gordon was wrong, don't we?

Pip and Emma soon drew in, and on to the red carpet stepped a Royal Personage.





"I apologise for the delay, Sir," said the Fat Controller, and he explained what had gone wrong. Then he introduced the Royal Visitor to each of the engines.

"I heard about you all after the Queen came here many

years ago," he told them. "I am delighted to meet you for myself."

The engines whistled loud and long. The Royal Personage grinned, and covered his ears.

"The Queen was right," he told the Fat Controller. "Your Railway and your engines are a credit to you."

THE RAILWAY SERIES NO. 40

## **New Little Engine**



CHRISTOPHER AWDRY

with illustrations by  
CLIVE SPONG

### FOREWORD

DEAR FRIENDS,

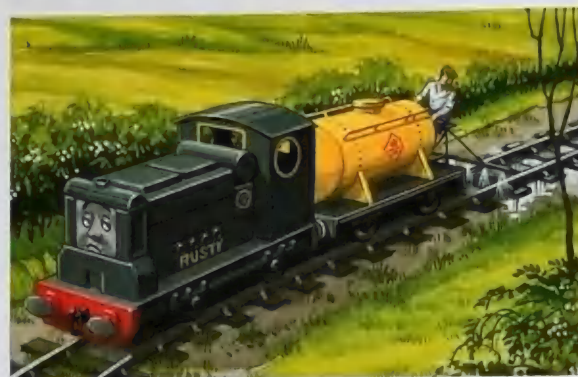
Peter Sam has been working on the Talylllyn Railway in Wales. The Thin Controller's Railway became so busy that he had to bring Peter Sam home to help. Sir Handel was jealous, but Peter Sam told us about the time he was ill while he was in Wales. It seemed too good a story to waste, so I decided to share it with you. I hope Peter Sam isn't too upset . . .

THE AUTHOR





## Speedkiller



still itched to go quicker.

His 'train' that morning was a flat truck with a large tank on it. A pipe hung across the line behind the truck's buffers, and when the man in charge turned a tap, liquid sprayed onto the track through holes in the pipe.

The weedkilling train was used only once a year, but that was once too often for Rusty. He had hoped that Fred, the other diesel, would pull the train today, but Fred was ill.

"So he says," muttered Rusty darkly to himself.

It was a holiday weekend. The Thin Controller had expected plenty of visitors, but he was surprised at the number who came. It was Rheneas's turn to take the first train, and he happily pulled the empty coaches to the station.

So many people were on the platform that Rheneas could hardly see it.



"I hate dawdling like this," growled Rusty. "I get hot and uncomfortable."

"Sorry, old chap," replied his Driver. "We can't go any faster, or the weedkiller won't spread properly."

Rusty knew this, but he



"Phew!" he puffed. "How are all this lot going to get on the train?"

"Will you go back for another carriage, please?" asked the Thin Controller. "I'm arranging an extra train later in the day."

The time spent fetching the carriage made Rheneas late. He hated being late, but he knew that today it wasn't his fault.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry," he panted, trying to make up for lost time.

They did well until they reached the middle station, where they had to stop. Rusty and his weedkilling train were waiting in the loop for them.

"Nipped all those weeds in the bud, have you?" called Rheneas as the engines passed each other.



Beyond the middle station the line rises steeply for a short way so that it can cross a stream. The engines like to be able to get a run at this hill, especially when they have a heavy train.

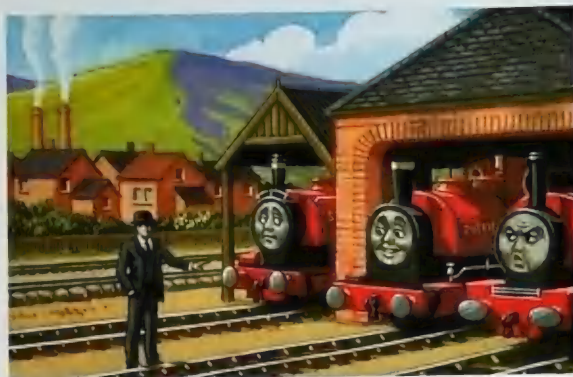
Today Rheneas had to pass, very carefully, some hedgecutters working at the foot of the hill. This meant that he couldn't get a proper run at it.

He struggled hard, but soon his wheels began to slip. Half-way up he slithered to a halt.





## Sir Handel's Plan



"WHO does that Peter Sam think he is?" grumbled Sir Handel. "He goes gallivanting off to Wales, and when our new engine isn't ready he's brought back. We can manage without him."

"We're short-engined until

the new one is ready," said Skarloey. "It's sensible to have him back."

"Huh!" snorted Sir Handel rudely. "If he's too puffed up in his smokebox I know what I shall do."

When the Thin Controller told Peter Sam to rest after his journey, Sir Handel was not pleased.

"Why come home just to laze about all day?" Sir Handel grunted.

He bumped his coaches crossly. Near the shed he thought he saw Peter Sam grinning at him.

"Right!" he muttered. "That's it!"

His wheels hit a rough rail-joint. There was a crack and a clatter, and his Driver stopped him quickly.

"That's your day done," he said. "Your firebars have collapsed, and your fire has fallen out."



Sir Handel chuckled to himself. His plan was working well.

Rusty was the only engine available quickly. He took

Sir Handel's train, and the Thin Controller came to see Peter Sam.

"Sorry to spoil your rest," he said, "but I'm afraid you'll have to take Sir Handel's next train."

Some of Sir Handel's fire was rescued and put into Peter Sam's firebox. As soon as Peter Sam could move, he pushed Sir Handel into the shed.

Sir Handel didn't help at all – he just smirked to himself in the darkness.

"That'll teach 'em," he thought.

Days passed, but no one came to mend Sir Handel. Visitors thronged to see Peter Sam now that he was back, and everyone else was very busy.

"Oh dear," thought Sir Handel, sadly. "I didn't bargain for this."

He grew cold, and his paint became dull. The cleaners were much too busy making sure the working engines looked smart to worry about Sir



Handel. He heard the men working on the new engine, but they didn't come in to see him. They had no time either.

One day Sir Handel heard cheering from the workshop.

"They must have finished the new engine," he muttered







miserably. "I wish I could see him."

Just then the door at the back of the shed opened, and Sir Handel heard footsteps. It was the Thin Controller.

"Hullo," he said. "Why are you looking so fed up?"

"I'm sorry, Sir," said Sir Handel.

"Whatever for?" asked the Thin Controller.

"I broke my firebars on purpose, Sir. I wanted to pay Peter Sam back."

The Thin Controller paused.

"I see," he said.

He quickly rethought what he had been going to say.

"Well, Sir Handel," he said sternly, "thank you for owning up. If you promise to behave yourself, you shall be mended."

"Oh yes, Sir. I will, Sir."

"Very well," said the Thin Controller gravely.

Later that day Sir Handel was given a new set of firebars. No one ever told him that the special sort which he always used had only been delivered that morning.



## Dirty Water

"THEY clean engines very well on the Talylyn Railway," remarked Peter Sam to Kathy and Lizzie. Lizzie was polishing his whistle, and Kathy was cleaning the round windows in front of his cab.



Kathy jumped down.

"If that means you think we don't do it so well here," she said indignantly, "I'm going home this minute."

Peter Sam smiled. The girls' parents worked on the Talylyn Railway, and now they were on holiday on the Island of Sodor and had come to see him.

"I was thinking of when I was ill," Peter Sam said. "I took some cleaning then, remember?"

"Tell us again," cried the girls. Quickly Kathy sat on one buffer while Lizzie balanced herself on the other.

Peter Sam took a deep breath.



"They have funny water on the Talylyn," he began.

"What's that got to do with it?" demanded Kathy.

"Sssh," reproved her sister. "He won't tell us if you keep interrupting."

"I wasn't . . ."





on, "they have funny water on the Talyllyn. The men have to put something special into the water tank at the Shed to make the water taste nice."

Peter Sam smiled to himself.

"I was feeling quite well," he remembered, "until I had my drink. But that day the water tasted awful! I told the Driver how horrible it was, but he didn't seem worried.

I took my coaches to the station, and the Fireman let water into my boiler. Then I really began to have boiler-ache.

'I feel sick,' I said.

'Do the best you can,' said my Driver. 'We'll have a look at you at the end of the trip.'

But I never got that far.

The green flag waved and the Driver opened the regulator. I went a few inches, and, then, 'Whoosh', a column of filthy white water sprayed out of my funnel."

Peter Sam shuddered.



Peter Sam yawned loudly. "Have you two finished?" he asked.

"Sorry, Peter Sam," apologised Kathy. "I'll be quiet, I promise."

Peter Sam paused.

"As I was saying," he went

"This awful water splashed all over me," he went on. "It was lucky there weren't any visitors nearby. Ugh! And there I was, covered in horrible white sludge!"

Peter Sam shuddered again, and closed his eyes.

"Driver tried to start me again, but the same thing happened. Luckily Skarloey's twin, Talyllyn, was at the station and he took my train. All I wanted to do was go back to the Shed for a rest. But I wasn't allowed to."

"Why?" asked Lizzie.



Peter Sam paused.

"They said that the visitors had come to see me and would be disappointed if I wasn't there. So I was put on to the spare line, and everyone was told I was ill."

"But you soon got well

again, didn't you?" said Kathy.

"Oh yes," replied Peter Sam. "I was cleaned inside and out, and that was much better. They said someone had used too much of whatever it was they put in the water tank. They do it differently now."

"That's right," put in Lizzie. "Dad told me – you have to take a pill."

"Not a pill," objected her sister.

"It's white stuff that the Fireman puts into our tanks," said Peter Sam.







"Much better. It took ages to clean off the muck that came out of my funnel."

"And that," he added sternly, "is all I meant when I said that they clean engines well on the Talylyn."

"Yes, Peter Sam," giggled the girls. "Of course it is."



## ***I Name this Engine . . .***

THE men had been working on the new engine for a long time.

"What's his name?" the other engines kept asking.

"We don't know, it's a secret," was always the reply.

"Everyone just calls him Number Seven."



At last Peter Sam could contain himself no longer. He asked the Thin Controller.

The Thin Controller smiled.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" he teased. "I do . . ."

"What is it?" came a chorus of voices.

". . . but I'm not telling. You'll have to wait until the naming party."



Ivo Hugh, the Railway's Chief Engineer, was going to do the naming. Even he didn't know the engine's name.

"But Mr. Hugh, you must know what it is," protested Skarloey.

"I'm afraid not," laughed Mr. Hugh. "The name won't be painted until the last minute."

"It must be a place or a person," said Sir Handel. "To match us," he added.

"I think it's a place," decided Rheneas, "but why is it a secret?"





The engines didn't know, but they thought Rheneas's idea was the best. On the great day a special train was to pick up the Thin Controller, his guests and Mr. Hugh and bring them to the bottom station for the ceremony. Skarloey, as the oldest engine, was going to pull it.

The day was sunny. Kathy and Lizzie came early to the Shed. First they cleaned Skarloey and then they polished Peter Sam. Skarloey whistled cheerfully as he went up the line, and by then all the other engines looked just as smart as he did.



Skarloey passed the big house where the Thin Controller lived, and went as far as the middle station. There he ran round the train and pulled it back downhill. He stopped at the big house, and when the Thin Controller and his guests were on the train he stopped again near the cottage where Mr. Hugh lived.

Skarloey had just restarted, when, with a squealing noise, something dashed past his front wheels. He stopped quickly.

"What on earth?" demanded the Fireman, jumping from the cab.

In the long grass beside the line lay a large mother pig, and frisking around her were seven pink piglets. Clearly Skarloey could go no further



until they were safely caught.

But they didn't want to be caught.

"Oh dear," fretted Skarloey. "We're going to be late for the party, I know we are."

The Thin Controller, Mr. Hugh and even some of the guests joined the chase until all the animals had been captured and put carefully back into the field.

At the bottom station a large crowd had gathered. All the engines except Skarloey were there.

Number Seven, with his name covered, simmered quietly.

The minutes ticked by. The Manager looked at his watch.



"Something must be wrong," Rheneas whispered to Duke. "Skarloey should be here by now."

"Perhaps the Thin Controller wasn't ready," suggested Duncan, but was firmly hushed by the others.

At last they heard a whistle in the distance. A little later Skarloey puffed thankfully into the station.

"I'm sorry we're late," Mr. Hugh said, "but we've been chasing pigs." And he told them about it.

"However," he went on, "I'm here to name an engine. I don't know what it's







called yet, so I shall have to read it to you. I therefore name this engine . . .”

He pulled away the curtain.

“ . . . bless my soul! – no, not that, it’s Ivo Hugh!”

He turned to the Thin Controller.

“I am honoured, Sir. Thank you,” he said.

And all the little engines whistled loudly in acclamation.



THE RAILWAY SERIES NO. 41

## ***Thomas and Victoria***



CHRISTOPHER AWDRY

with illustrations by  
CLIVE SPONG

### **FOREWORD**

DEAR FRIENDS,

Here are four new adventures from Thomas’s branch line. In them you will meet up again with several old friends, including, of course, Thomas himself. Oh, and there is a new friend for you called Victoria – we all hope you will like her as much as we do.

THE AUTHOR





## Overloaded



TOBY was worried. So many workmen were needed at the Quarry that Henrietta wasn't able to carry them all. Bertie did his best to help, but he couldn't get closer than the Quarry gate.

"We need another coach to take the men all the way inside," Toby complained.

One morning Bertie didn't feel well, and Henrietta was all on her own. More and more workmen climbed into her.

"Help!" Henrietta exclaimed. "I shan't be able to move."

"We can't either," grumbled the workmen. "We're too squashed together!"

Henrietta had a balcony at each end, and soon even these were packed. She was fuller than ever before. Toby had a hard job starting.

"Come on, come on, come on, come on!" Toby fussed impatiently, his wheels slipping on the damp rails.

People in the street stared as the train struggled past. Toby rang his bell cheerfully, but Henrietta wasn't so happy.

Suddenly, a car came out of a side street in front of them. Toby's Driver put on the brakes at once.



The train stopped quickly, and some of the workmen were pushed against the railing of Henrietta's front balcony. It bent, but luckily, it didn't break.

A policeman, passing on a bicycle, stopped and made a note on his pad.

"Oh dear," Henrietta said to herself. "That means trouble, I think."

She was right.

The next day, an Inspector visited the Quarry Manager.

"There is a by-law, Sir," he said, "which says that passengers should not be carried on the end balconies of railway carriages."



"I'm sorry, Inspector," the Manager said. "It doesn't usually happen, but the bus couldn't run today."

"Please make sure it doesn't happen again," said the Inspector sternly.

The Quarry Manager telephoned the Fat Controller to see if he could help. The Fat Controller wasn't hopeful, and the Quarry Manager went home to tea, shaking his head sadly.

A few days later, Thomas stopped at the station by the river. As they



waited, he heard a buzzing noise from behind a thick hedge that grew near the platform.

Suddenly, there was a rustling, and a loud crash. A man's head appeared above the hedge. He had a saw in his hands.





"It's nice to see the railway once more," he said cheerfully. "It's been like a jungle in here."

Later, Thomas stopped there again.



"Hallo," said a shaky voice. Thomas was puzzled, but his Driver had heard it too. He looked over the hedge and saw a very old, very broken-down railway coach.

"What's your name?" asked the Driver.

"Victoria," replied the coach shyly. "Are you Thomas's Driver?"

But before he could answer, the Guard's whistle blew, and they had to go.

At the top station, Toby told Thomas about the workmen.

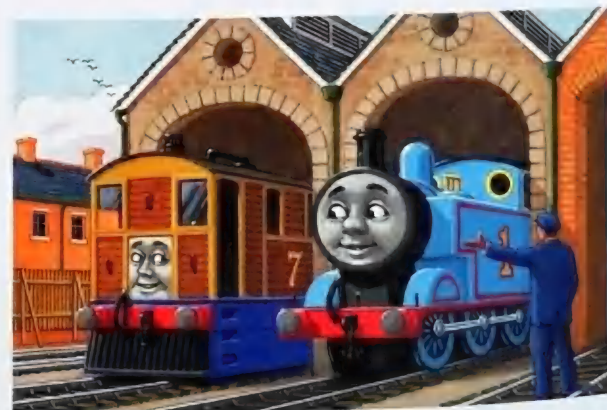
"I really need another coach," he said sadly.

"But we've just found one!" said Thomas excitedly. "She's in an orchard near the river, and she is old and lonely . . ."

"She's got no wheels and her roof leaks like a sieve," interrupted Thomas's Driver. "Don't even think about it."

But Thomas did think about it, and asked the Fat Controller. The Fat Controller listened, made some arrangements, and then telephoned the Quarry Manager.

"Good morning, Toby and Henrietta," the Manager



greeted them the next day.

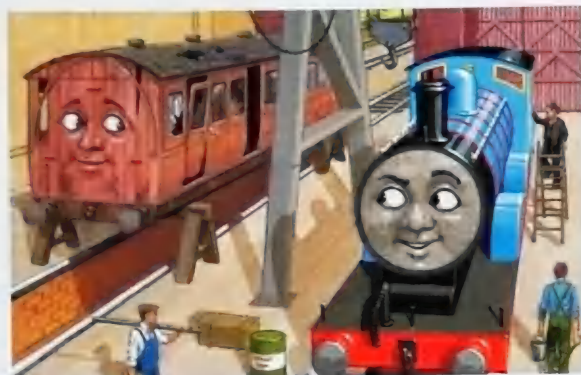
"It's going to be all right," he went on. "The Fat Controller says don't worry about another coach, because he has something up his sleeve."





## Avalanche

THE Fat Controller had left BoCo in charge of the branch line while Edward went to the works to be mended. Edward needed to be fit before the summer visitors came.



After a week he was growing bored. But then a newcomer arrived. She was a wooden coach, and Edward thought there was something familiar about her. That evening, he heard a quiet, timid voice.

"Excuse me," it said. "You're Edward, aren't you?"

"That's right," he smiled. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

"Perhaps," replied the coach. "There were lots of us built for the Furness Railway. That's your old line, so Thomas's Driver says."

"That's right," smiled Edward. "What's your name?"

"Victoria," said the coach. "When I was too old to work, I was made into a summerhouse in an orchard. Now a kind gentleman with a top hat says that I can be mended and work on the railway again."

"That would be the Fat Controller," said Edward. "Did he say where you would work?"



"There'd be plenty for you to do on my line," said Edward hopefully.

Victoria hesitated.

"I think the . . . er . . . Fat Controller knew," she said, "but he didn't say."

"Where did you work in the old days?" asked Edward.

"My friend Helena and I worked on a branch line to a station called Lakeside," Victoria said. "There was a big lake with steamers on it – Windermere it was called. Albert was our engine. He was old, but very gentlemanly and polite . . ." she broke off, chuckling.



"Except once," Victoria explained. "It was winter and very cold. Even the lake was beginning to freeze over, and that didn't often happen."

"I don't suppose you had many passengers off the steamer then," put in Edward.

"You'd be surprised!" Victoria said. "For some it was the easiest way of getting from the town on the other side of the lake. Anyhow, on this winter's day the snow wasn't too bad at the Junction, so we were all right when we set out."

"As we got near the hills the snow got thicker. We reached a place called Haverthwaite, where there were two tunnels, one at each end of the station."





"Albert didn't care about a bit of snow. 'Silly soft stuff,' he called it."

"Thomas used to say that too," smiled Edward.

"The steamer was late that day – ice in the water, they said – and that made us late

too. Albert was hurrying, because when people got off the steamer they had to catch other trains at our Junction."

Victoria paused. She chuckled to herself before she went on. "Albert had been boasting about how good he was with the snow. Well, we soon got back to Haverthwaite, and Albert stopped with his buffers right at the mouth of the tunnel.

"The Guard's whistle sounded. Albert didn't waste any time.

"He set off with a tremendous blast of steam, but the steam blew an enormous lump of snow off the tunnel mouth. It poured down and landed with a WHUMP on his cab.

"Albert's Driver quickly put on the brakes. The train stopped, and then a lot more snow came down on Helena and me. She was almost completely buried, and half of me was too.



"Albert couldn't move an inch. He wanted to, but he didn't dare, in case he brought more snow down! The passengers weren't hurt, but it was the



next morning before the men dug us out. I've never been so cold! Albert never boasted about snow again, though."

"I wonder why," chuckled Edward.





## Eels on Wheels



hotter and hotter.

Sometimes, Daisy noticed creatures coiled up beside the railway, enjoying the sunshine. Usually they took no notice as she passed, but now and then they would slither away to hide beneath the dry grass.

"How do they move?" wondered Daisy. "They've got no legs!"

"Neither have you," laughed the Driver, "but you manage all right. They're grass snakes, and they move by wriggling their bodies very fast from side to side."

"How clever," thought Daisy, and she told Thomas and Percy about it.

Percy shuddered.

"I don't like the sound of that," he said. "I hope they don't come near me."

"They won't," his Driver reassured him, smiling.

"They're harmless, and much more frightened of you than

THE work needed to make Victoria as good as new took a long time. Summer came, with a long, hot, dry spell. There was no rain at all for many weeks.

The sun shone from a clear blue sky and the engines grew



you are of them, I promise."

"I'm not scared, Percy," said Daisy scornfully. "Surely you're not frightened of a few harmless, wriggly things?"

Percy wasn't comforted.

"Ugh!" he said. "Just the thought of those snakes makes me shiver."

Daisy thought he was being very silly.

One afternoon, she brought some boxes up from the Junction. The men handled them carefully.

"It's a special delivery," explained Daisy's Driver.

"What's so special about it?" asked Daisy.

"It's live eels," her Driver said. "Sort of water snakes. They're for a special menu at the restaurant in the high street."

Very carefully the porters stacked the boxes on the platform.



past. He accidentally caught the top box of the pile with his coat sleeve. It hit the platform and burst open on to the rails in front of Daisy.



Daisy moved back so that the milk van could be coupled on to her. The pile of boxes was now just in front of her, while porters began to load empty milk churns into her van.

Suddenly, a small boy ran





was the matter. He found Daisy pulling a face of such disgust that he had to laugh.

"Get me out of here," wailed Daisy.

"Stop making such a fuss," ordered her Driver. "They're only eels. They're not going to hurt you. You've blown a fuse anyway, so you'll have to wait to be mended."

In no time, all the eels had been rescued and put into another box, none the worse for their adventure. A porter came to take them well out of harm's way.

Daisy couldn't bear to watch. A fitter came and tried to mend her, but she was in such a state of nerves that it was no use. Thomas had to pick up her passengers and take them back to the Junction.

That night in the Shed, Percy and Toby made up lots of what they called 'wiggly jokes', which Daisy thought were very silly and not funny at all.



"Never mind," said Toby. "Near my old railway there's a place called Ely – think of that!"

Daisy shuddered. It was the last thing she wanted to think about.





## Toby's Vintage Train



At last, Victoria was ready. The Fat Controller came to see her.

"Edward will take you to Thomas's Junction," he said. "Then go with Thomas to meet Toby and Henrietta, who you will work with."

Victoria's wheels hummed happily on the rails.

"It's wonderful to be running again," she thought.

Edward introduced her to BoCo at his own station, and they soon reached Thomas's Junction. Thomas and the Fat Controller were waiting for them.

Thomas's Driver was amazed at the change in Victoria.

"I hope you feel better," the Fat Controller told her. "You certainly look better than you did when we first saw you."

"I feel wonderful, thank you Sir," smiled Victoria.

Victoria was coupled behind Annie and Clarabel, and they set off up the valley. At the station by the river, an Inspector met them.

"Terence is in trouble," he said. "I'll ride in your cab, Thomas, but go carefully until we know what has happened."



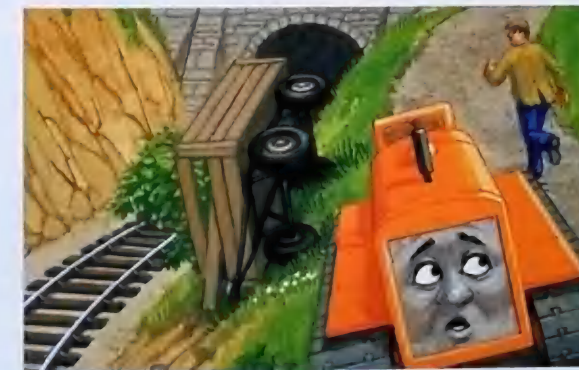
A little way along the line, Terence's owner was building a barn. The lane to the barn ran along the top of a cutting just outside the tunnel.

That afternoon, Terence had been pulling a trailer loaded with stones for the barn, when a boulder had fallen into the lane from the verge. Terence swerved towards the edge of the cutting to avoid the boulder, and, of course, the trailer followed. Suddenly, the trailer's wheels hit a muddy patch and slipped sideways, towards the railway.



The weight of the stone dragged the trailer further over the edge. Terence tried to hang on, but the trailer broke away and bumped down the steep hill towards the railway.

Luckily, there was a large bush on the cutting side. The trailer ran into it and stopped, balancing dangerously. The heavy stone tumbled down the slope, and landed beside the railway with a crash.



"Thomas's train is due!" gasped Terence.

His owner ran to telephone a warning to the station.

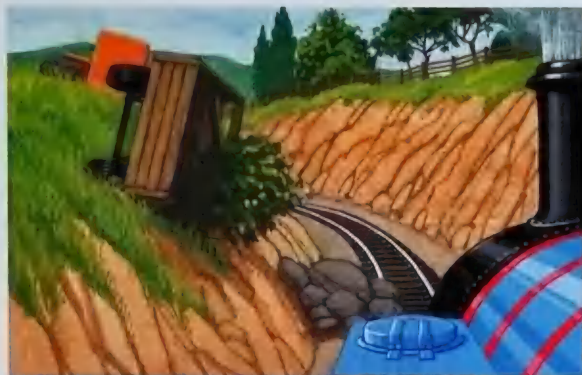
His call was just in time! With the Inspector in his cab,

Thomas moved cautiously along the line. By the time they reached the place of the accident, the farmer had managed to fasten the trailer so that





it would not move. The Inspector made sure that the building stones had not damaged the railway.



"All right," he told Thomas's Driver as he climbed back into the cab. "Proceed at caution, please, and drop me at the next signalbox so that I can report what's happened."

Thomas and the Inspector reached the top station safely, and found Toby and Henrietta waiting for them.

Victoria and Henrietta liked each other at once, and soon became the best of friends.

"There cannot be many railways," announced the Fat Controller, "who can run a complete train of stock as old as Toby, Henrietta and Victoria. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you three cheers for Toby's Vintage Train. I am very proud of all three of you, and I know you will be a credit to me."

Now Victoria is as happy as can be. She helps Henrietta to take workmen to and from the Quarry, and at other times you will see her with Thomas, Annie and Clarabel, running happily along the valley.

She knows she is very lucky.

"This is much better than being a summerhouse in an orchard," she sometimes thinks to herself. "It's great to be Useful again."



I think we can be sure,  
can't we, that Victoria will be  
Useful for many years to come.







## Finding Sodor

*The Island of Sodor is more than just a flight of fancy. It's a fully realised addition to the British Isles, complete with detailed geography, history, customs and local character.*



The Reverend Wilbert Awdry and friends, depicted with maps of Sodor in the Reverend's story, *Duke the Lost Engine* (1970).

To quote the Reverend Wilbert Awdry, original creator of the Railway Series: "The stories... are all based on something which has really happened to some engine somewhere, some time. In the books, that 'something' happens to an imaginary engine on an imaginary railway. It follows therefore that they must have a similar factual/fictional place of operation."

That said, 'factual/fictional' Sodor did not settle into position between the UK Mainland and the Isle of Man until several books of the Railway Series were already written. The idea came when the Reverend Awdry travelled to Man for a preaching engagement, and discovered that, for reasons dating back to the Middle Ages, the local prelate is known as the Bishop of Sodor and Man. The way was clear for the Reverend Awdry to restore the missing half of the diocese, including a cathedral in the ancient capital of Suddery, at which the bishop was 'most gratified'.



The first detailed map of Sodor, published in 1958.



As well as a firm footing on the bed of the Irish Sea, Sodor has a detailed history and economic infrastructure. Having repelled various invaders, including the Romans and the Normans, the island became attached to the Duchy of Lancaster in the 15th Century, but the inhabitants remain sturdily independent in outlook – an attitude typified by Sir Topham Hatt III's determination to maintain a steam railway in spite of 'modernisation' on the Mainland. A bridge to Cumbria was not constructed until 1915, and then the work was done very much under the supervision of Sir Topham Hatt I rather than that of engineers from the Mainland.

One good Sudrian way of limiting unwanted interference from the Mainland is the polite but firm assertion, "Nagh beurla" – Sudric for "I have no English." In reality, of course, most of Sodor's people are at least bilingual, and their native tongue, a potent mix of Gaelic and Manx with input from Scandinavian languages and Icelandic, is sadly, if inevitably, in decline.

Fortunately the Sudrians' economic self-sufficiency is supported by the natural resources of their homeland. On an island, fishing is naturally an important economy activity, hence Henry's pride in pulling the Flying Kipper overnight express. The hilly landscape also yields clay and various ores. While mining on the Mainland has long since gone into decline, the high quality of Sudrian raw materials keeps them in high demand.

Sodor carries on its strong regional identity, and the steam railways for which it is famous, from the 20th Century into the 21st. Christopher Awdry has taken the detailed framework created by his father, and enriched it with many more adventures, while seeking to be as true as possible to the original vision.

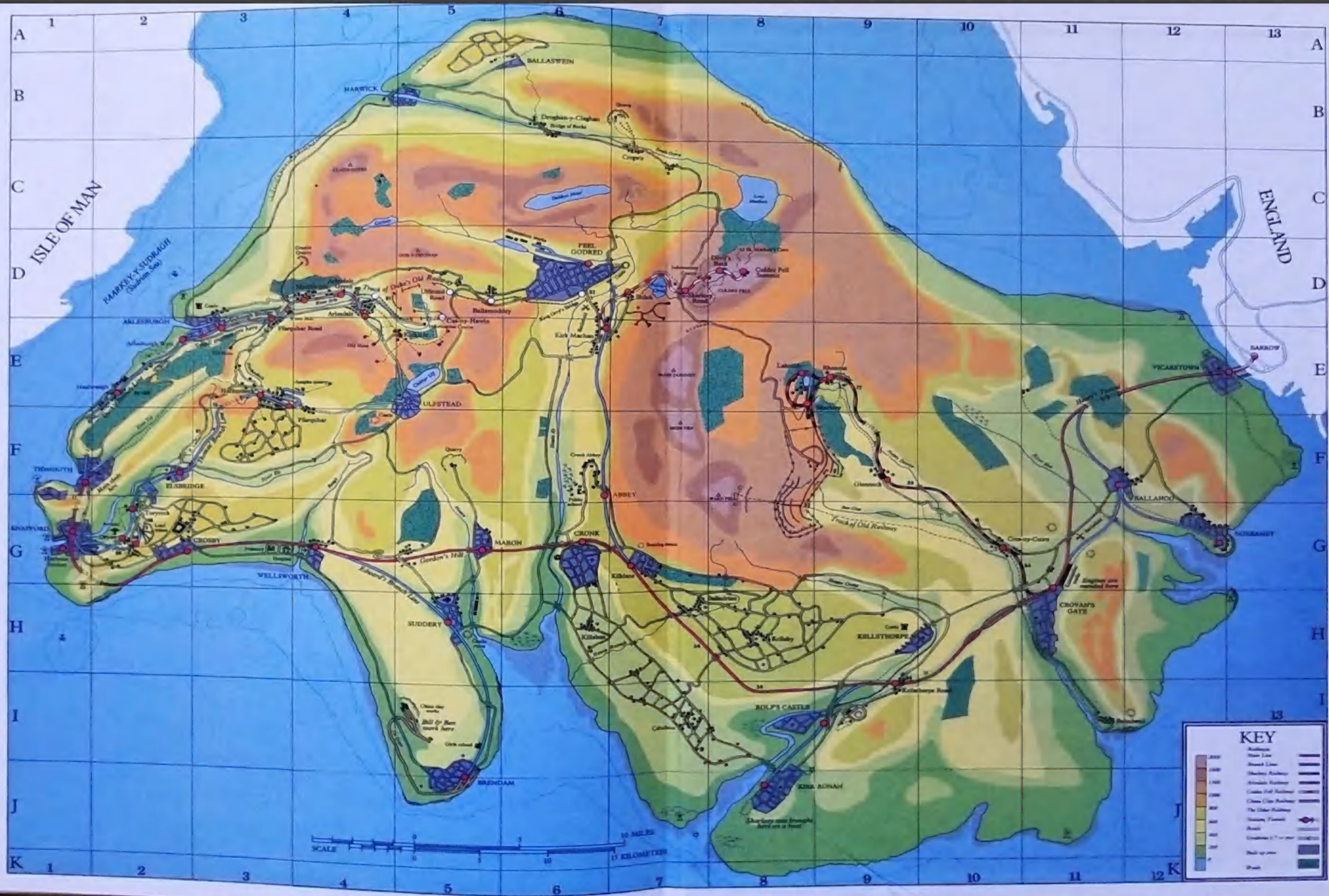


A relief map of Sodor, made by P. R. Wickham.



An early map, drawn by the Reverend Awdry, showing the route of Thomas's race with Bertie the Bus from *Thomas the Tank Engine Again* (1949)









Taking up where his father left off in the 1970s, Christopher Awdry has written 15 books set in the wonderful world of Thomas the Tank Engine. This collection gathers all those stories – Volumes 27 to 41 of the Railway Series – together in print for the first time.

Readers can travel down the tracks again with familiar friends like Thomas and Gordon, and meet new characters like Bulstrode the grumpy barge.

The steam age is alive and well on the Island of Sodor!



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THE RAILWAY SERIES NO. 42

***Thomas and his Friends***



CHRISTOPHER AWDRY







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1. The Three Railway Engines
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3. James the Red Engine
4. Tank Engine Thomas Again
5. Troublesome Engines
6. Henry the Green Engine
7. Toby the Tram Engine
8. Gordon the Big Engine
9. Edward the Blue Engine
10. Four Little Engines
11. Percy the Small Engine
12. The Eight Famous Engines
13. Duck and the Diesel Engine
14. The Little Old Engine
15. The Twin Engines
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35. Thomas and the Great Railway Show
36. Thomas Comes Home
37. Henry and the Express
38. Wilbert the Forest Engine
39. Thomas and the Fat Controller's Engines
40. New Little Engine
41. Thomas and Victoria
42. Thomas and his Friends

*The Railway Series No. 42*

# THOMAS AND HIS FRIENDS

by  
CHRISTOPHER AWDRY

with illustrations by  
CLIVE SPONG

EGMONT



**EGMONT**

*We bring stories to life*

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Thomas the Tank Engine & Friends™



CREATED BY BRIST ALLCROFT

Based on the Railway Series by the Reverend W Awdry

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In memory of Rev. W. Awdry (1911–1997), without whom none of  
Thomas' adventures would have been told.

## FOREWORD

DEAR FRIENDS,

The Awdry family is delighted to be able to mark the  
centenary of the Thin Clergyman's birth with the publication  
of this book. The Fat Controller wanted to celebrate the  
occasion too, and quietly made his own plans. What were they?  
Turn the pages to find out ...

THE AUTHOR



## Thomas and the Swan

THOMAS and Gordon were at the Big Station, where Gordon had just backed down to take the Express.

"Hello, Gordon," said a voice. "Remember us?"

Gordon was late and not in the mood for guessing games, but he thought he recognised the voice. "Pip—?" he ventured carefully. "Or is it Emma?"

"It's me!" Philippa laughed. "Well done. Emma is at the back today."

"Why are you here?" asked Thomas.

The question was answered at once as the Fat Controller arrived.





"Philippa and Emma," the Fat Controller began importantly, "could be very helpful to my Railway."

"Yes, Sir," agreed Gordon, though he wasn't sure why.

"Too much time," the Fat Controller went on, "is wasted by changing the Engine of the Express at the Other Railway. Our timetable is too slow."

Suddenly Gordon realised what the Fat Controller meant.

"And if Pip and Emma were the Express instead of me pulling it there wouldn't be a changeover."

"Exactly," agreed the Fat Controller. "Well done, Gordon."





After that, the Fat Controller often saw Pip and Emma at the Big Station.

"You're doing well," he would say, kindly. "I am very pleased – my plan is working."

One day Thomas was at the Junction when, with a cheerful "Good morning", Pip and Emma hurried by.

Moments later, with a rattle and a roar, they were gone.

"They're a great success," remarked Thomas' Driver, "and Gordon loves it – he says he can now do two trips a day instead of one."





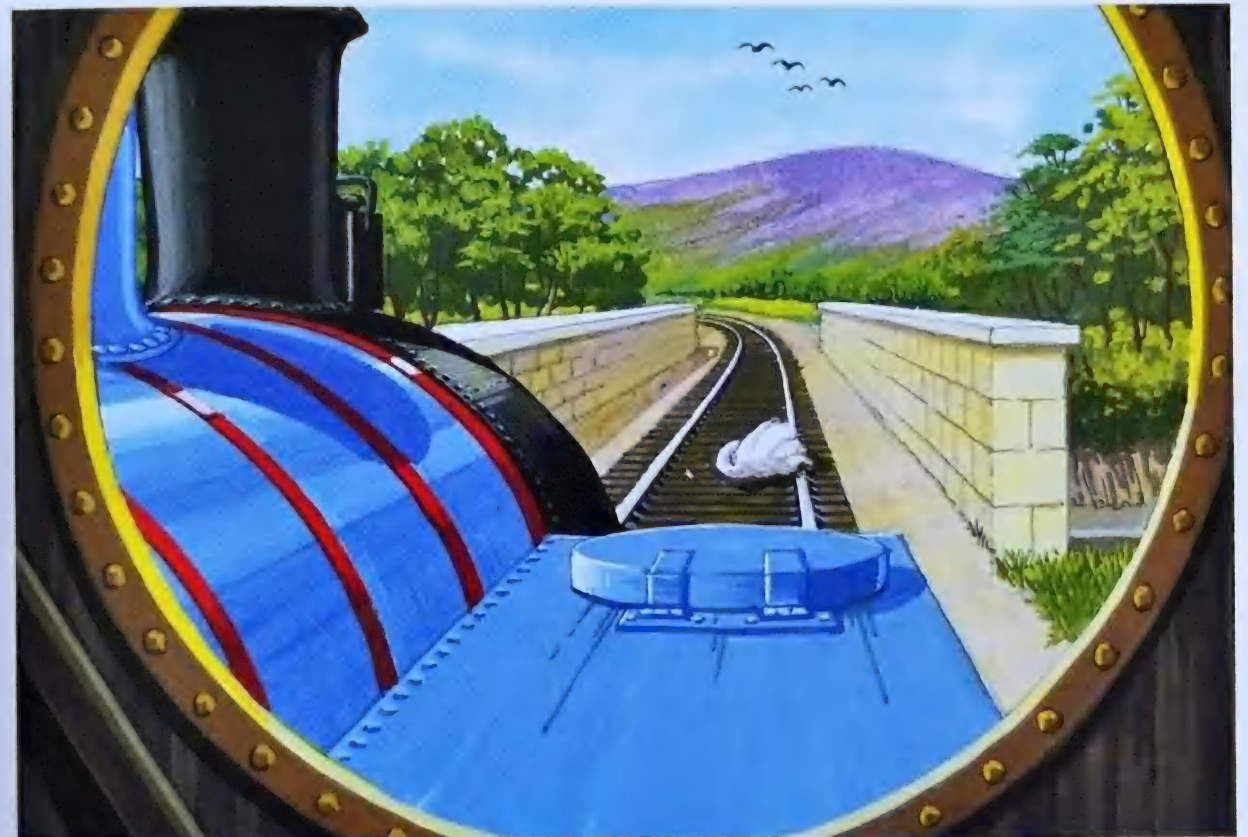
A little later, Thomas set off along the branch line, with Annie and Clarabel following cheerfully behind.

Today there was an Inspector on Thomas' footplate so the small space was quite crowded. The Inspector was assessing Thomas' Fireman for possible promotion.

They stopped at the station by the river for Thomas to take on water. While they waited, Thomas saw something white on the rails in front.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Just an old newspaper, I expect," said his Driver. "Come on."





Just then, Thomas saw a white neck uncurl and a yellow beak appear.

"Stop!" he called. "It's not a newspaper!"

Quickly the Driver braked, and the Inspector got down. He went to look and then returned to the cab.

"It's a swan," the Inspector told Thomas' Driver. "It must have flown into the parapet of the bridge by mistake. Can you come and help, please?"

Thomas watched anxiously as the two men lifted the bird. It tried to flap its wings, but only one moved.



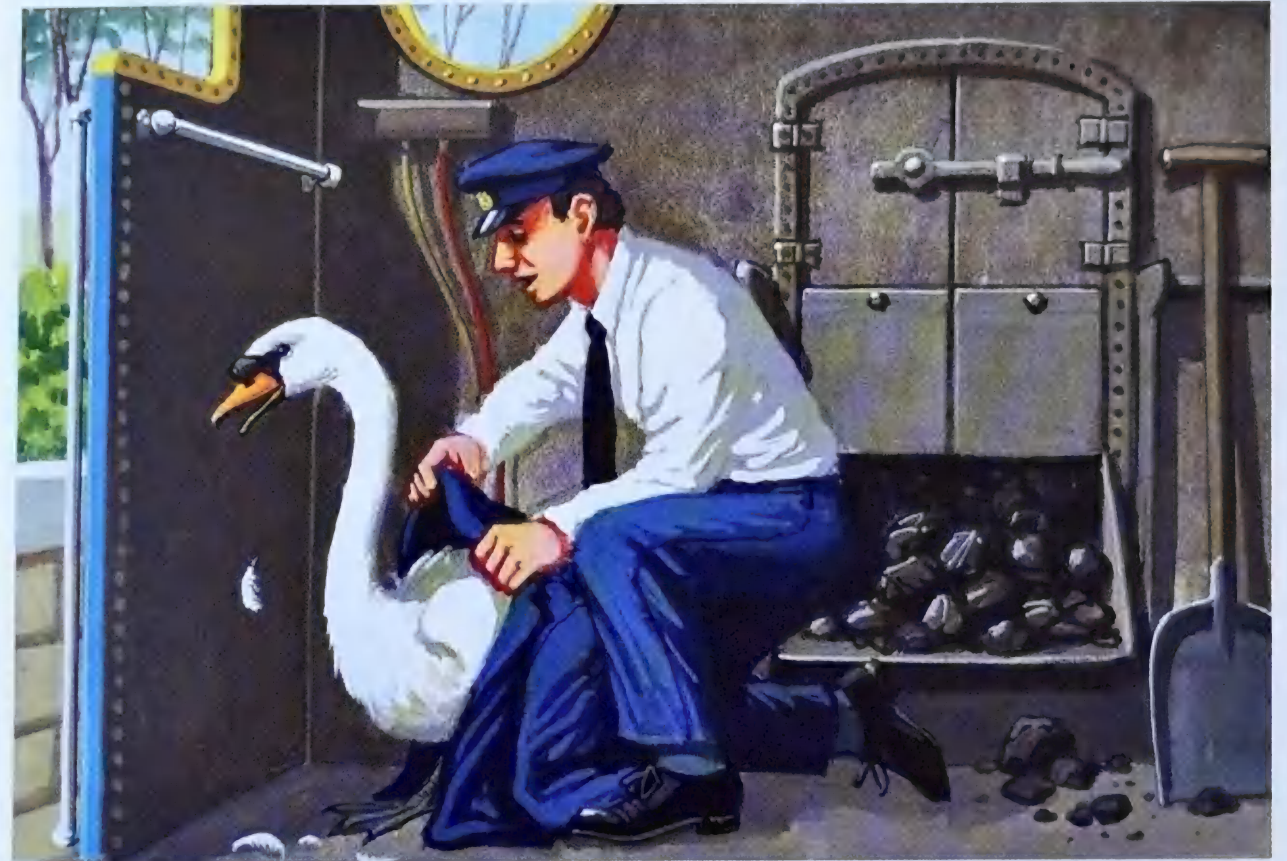


Very carefully, the Inspector and the Driver carried the injured swan past Thomas. They placed it gently in a corner of the cab and the Inspector covered it with his coat.

"Off we go, Thomas," said his Driver. "Be as gentle as you can."

The Fireman had told the Signaller at the river station what had happened so they had a clear run to the top station.

When they got there, the Inspector took the swan in his car to a nearby vet.





The vet reset the broken wing and kept the bird in his surgery garden until it was strong enough to fly. Then he went with Thomas to the river to let the swan go free.

Word of Thomas' rescue spread fast and soon all the engines had heard about it. Pip and Emma congratulated him when they saw him at the Big Station, and so did the Fat Controller. Gordon, too, was very proud.

"Just think," said Pip, "if it had been us as the Express, we wouldn't have been able to stop!"

"And now we can add injured birds to our list of passengers!" said Thomas, proudly.



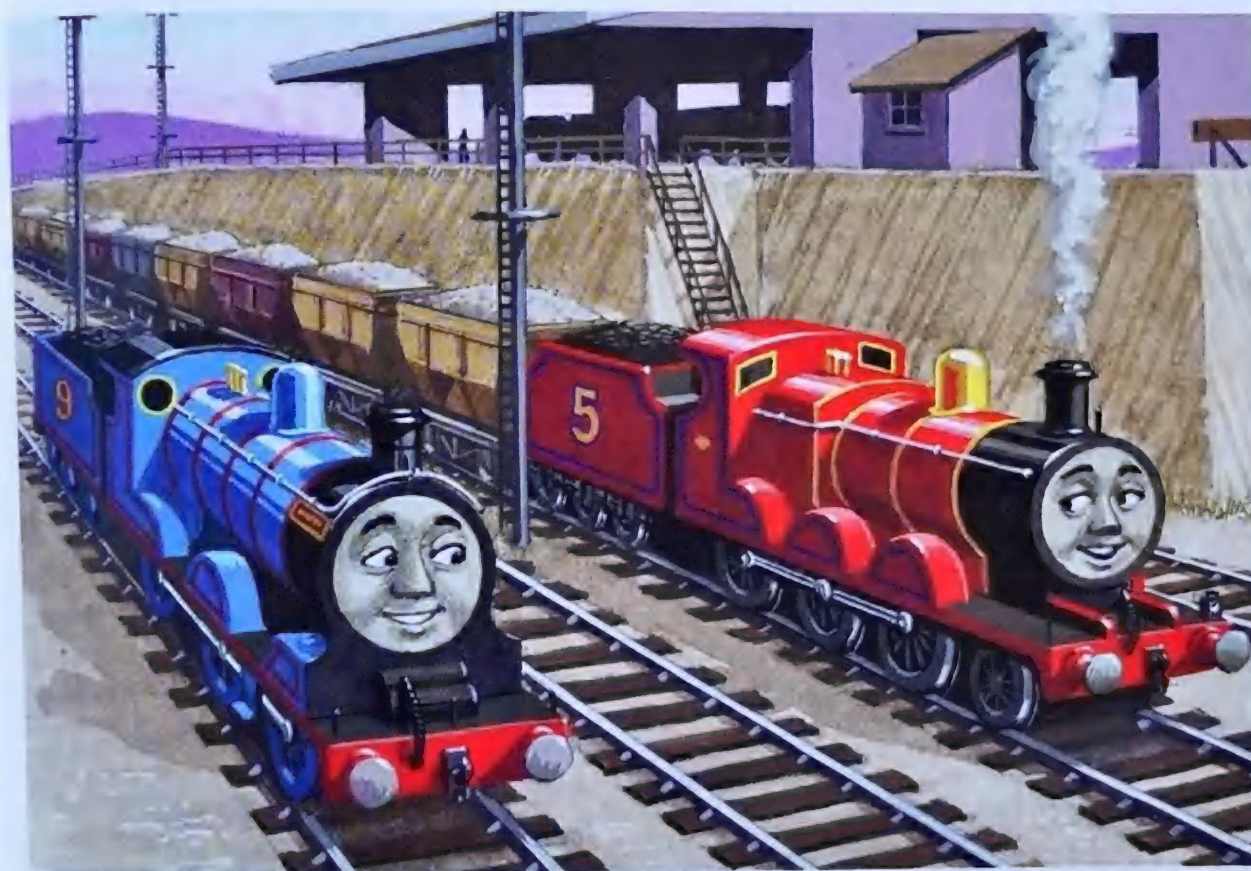


## Buffer Bashing

WINTER was passing but there were still one or two late frosts, which made everything look sugar-coated and sparkling in the spring sunshine.

As the months had passed, Pip and Emma had become quite used to being the Express and making their daily journey between the Big Station and London.

Each morning, Donald and Douglas took it in turns to bring a ballast train from the small railway and James then pulled the trucks to a place where the line was being mended.





One morning, Donald was uncoupled and ran ahead into a short siding to let James take his place at the front of the trucks. But a hard frost had made the rails icy. When Donald tried to stop his wheels locked and they slid on the ice. Before he could say "Fat Controller", he hit the buffers at the end of the siding.

The buffers stopped him – that was what they were there for – but they were badly damaged.

Donald was lucky. He wasn't hurt at all, just embarrassed.





The other engines teased him.

"You should go in for skating championships!" they said.

Even Donald laughed, though he was worried about what the Fat Controller might say. But the Fat Controller only warned him to be more careful – he knew it hadn't really been Donald's fault.

The next day, men were sent to mend the buffers.

At last, James' repair work on the line was ending.

"Tomorrow's train, Douglas, will be the last for the time being," the Fat Controller told him.





The next day, as Douglas drew his loaded trucks to a halt in their siding, James was waiting. "Here you are, James," Douglas said cheerfully. "What are you going to do, now this job is finishing?"

"Pull some passenger trains, I hope," replied James. "I'm getting tired of doing the same thing all the time."

"Never mind," said Douglas. "Today's the last one."

His Fireman uncoupled the trucks and climbed back into the cab. Then Douglas puffed slowly into the short siding.





At the end of the siding, the men who had been mending the buffers were standing to one side. They had pots of paint beside them, and had just finished painting the buffer-bar bright red.

"That looks very smart," thought Douglas. "Much better than it did before – the Fat Controller's probably glad that Donald smashed it up."

He moved into the siding. His Driver put on the brakes.

Nothing happened!

The Driver tried again. Still nothing.

"Horrors!" exclaimed Douglas. "I can't stop!"





The workmen watched in dismay. Douglas rolled steadily along the line and smashed to splinters the buffers they had just spent three days mending.

"Ouch!" exclaimed Douglas, opening his eyes cautiously. "That hurt!"

The new buffers had stopped him. But unfortunately, Douglas had been moving faster than Donald. He was in a terrible mess – his front was badly bent and he was smeared with the bright red paint, which hadn't had time to dry.





"You silly great engine," scolded the Foreman, waving his paintbrush, angrily. It still had red paint in it – and some of the paint flew out and stuck on Douglas' nose.

"Three days' work," the Foreman said, crossly, "and in three seconds, you come and smash it all to pieces!"

Douglas' front wheels were off the rails, so James had to come and rescue him.

Later, the Fat Controller spoke sternly to Douglas about engines not taking care in sidings.

And the red paint was left on Douglas' nose, as a reminder.





## Gordon's Fire Service

Pip and Emma were delighted to be able to run fast times to London. Gordon would have had to stop for water, but they didn't need to. Gordon couldn't understand why the Controllers had taken all the waterpipes away. He was even a bit suspicious about it.

"Proper engines can't work without water," he kept saying. "It's sabotage, that's what!"

"Diesel and electric trains don't need water," Pip and Emma tried to explain. "We don't have to make steam like you do."

But Gordon wasn't convinced.





"Does the Other Railway have electric trains too?" asked Henry. "Like the ones that go past our Mountain Railway?"

"Some are like that," said Emma. "Some trains are pulled by electric engines."

That silenced Henry, for a while.

Gordon's last train each day stopped at all the stations. He liked this because he didn't have to hurry and get hot and bothered. One evening, however, delays on the Other Railway made Gordon late. At last he drew into the station where the electric line began.





As Gordon stopped, an electric train slid silently off the branch line and stopped at another platform. It caught Gordon's attention as it made no noise – and no steam.

Beyond the station, a busy road crossed under the railway. Gordon was about to leave when he heard a shout in front of him. A man appeared, scrambling up the bank near the bridge. A wisp of smoke rose behind him. The man ran towards the station, waving his arms.

"Help!" he yelled. "Fire!"





A Porter ran to telephone for the Fire Brigade. Gordon's Fireman asked permission from the Signaller, and carefully worked the train forward. They stopped near the bridge. Smoke billowed from a bale of straw that lay on the roadside verge. A tractor and trailer stood nearby.

"Got the straw off before the rest went up," gasped the tractor driver. "Now we must wait for the Fire Brigade!"

Tongues of flame curled round the edges of the straw-bale and the smoke grew thicker.





"Can't we do something?" urged Gordon, giving a poop of alarm.

"We certainly can," said his Fireman. He grabbed the hosepipe he used to wash the footplate with water from the tender. Then he turned the tap, and when the water was running, he pointed the hosepipe at the burning straw.

It wasn't a very strong jet of water, but it was enough. Slowly, the flames died down and the tractor driver stamped out the remaining embers. At that moment, the Fire Brigade arrived.





"Sorry," the tractor driver explained. "I'm afraid you've had a wasted journey. Gordon has put the fire out with water from his tender."

The Fire Chief laughed. "Well done, Gordon – a good job you were standing by."

Gordon was very proud, and prouder still when the Fire Chief recommended him for the Queen's Fire Service Medal. The Fat Controller arranged a special presentation at the Big Station.

"Electric trains may be able to run fast, with no noise," said Gordon, "but we steam engines have our uses, too!"





## Centenary

ONE day in early summer the Fat Controller called a meeting of the engines.

"You have all heard," he announced, "of the Thin Clergyman."

"Isn't he the one who wrote stories about us?" ventured Thomas.

"Well done, Thomas," agreed the Fat Controller. "Sadly he has now died, but this year it is one hundred years since he was born."

He paused.

"To mark this auspicious occasion –" he went on.

"What's suspicious?" squeaked Percy, and then hoped the Fat Controller hadn't heard him.





But he had.

“‘Auspicious’, Percy – it means important,” explained the Fat Controller. “To mark this ... er ... important occasion I have arranged for a bust of the Thin Clergyman to be unveiled here in a few weeks. Your duties will be adjusted so that you can all attend. There will be a very special visitor there to unveil the bust.”

Some time later, the Fat Controller spoke to James.

“I have an important job for you,” he said. “The crate with the Thin Clergyman’s statue has arrived at the Other Railway. I want you to fetch it, please.”





James puffed off proudly. He felt even prouder when he began the journey back to the Big Station with the crate safely on a truck.

But just as James had passed through Henry's tunnel, there was a rumble ... and an enormous crash. James' Driver looked back in alarm. Part of the tunnel had collapsed behind them. The Railway to the outside world was completely cut off!

James stopped at the next signal-box and his Driver told the Signalman what had happened.

Later, the Fat Controller sent Donald, Douglas and Henry to help repair the tunnel, but until it was mended, no trains could reach the Other Railway from the Island of Sodor.





"And no engines can get onto the Island either," pointed out Gordon. "Pip and Emma are stuck on the other side of the tunnel, and they are supposed to bring the important visitors."

On Thomas' branch line the engines were worried, too.

"We've all got jobs to do on the day," said Thomas, "but what if no one can get here?"

"Don't worry," soothed his Driver. "Bertie and his friends are meeting all the trains on the Other Railway and bringing the passengers over."





The Fat Controller gave orders to carry on as usual, but Gordon's trains to the Other Railway had to stop at the Works Station. Bertie brought him passengers, but Gordon complained that it wasn't the same.

Meanwhile, Percy had a smaller problem.

"Why is everyone bothered about something that's broken?" he asked Toby one day.

Toby was puzzled.

"Broken?" he asked. "What do you mean, broken?"

"Well," explained Percy, "the Fat Controller said it was bust."

"What's bust?"

"The Thin Clergyman, poor man," said Percy sadly.





Thomas, listening nearby, laughed. "The Thin Clergyman isn't broken," he chuckled. "A bust is a sort of statue, just the head and shoulders of the person."

Percy cheered up at once.

"Oh!" he said. "That's all right then."

"I just hope that everybody can get to see it," put in Toby.

A few days later, the Fat Controller announced that the tunnel had been mended. The Inspectors worked through the night on their safety checks, and the first train allowed through was Pip and Emma.





At the Big Station, the bust of the Thin Clergyman, beneath a silk cover, was ready. The engines waited anxiously.

At last, Pip and Emma arrived and the first person off the train was – a Prince. The Fat Controller greeted him, and after a short speech, the Prince pulled a cord. The silk cover fell to the ground, revealing a perfect likeness of the Thin Clergyman!

“My parents,” said the Prince, “read stories about your Railway to me as a child. There will never be anything like it anywhere.”

THE END









## ***Thomas and his Friends***

CHRISTOPHER AWDRY

The Fat Controller welcomes back Pip and Emma to help on his Railway. Thomas is delighted; Gordon is worried that his time as the Express is over. But every engine has its day! Thomas makes an important rescue, Gordon proves himself a hero, and all the engines celebrate a Very Important Event.



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